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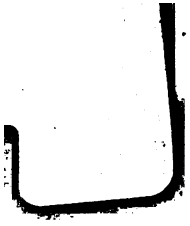

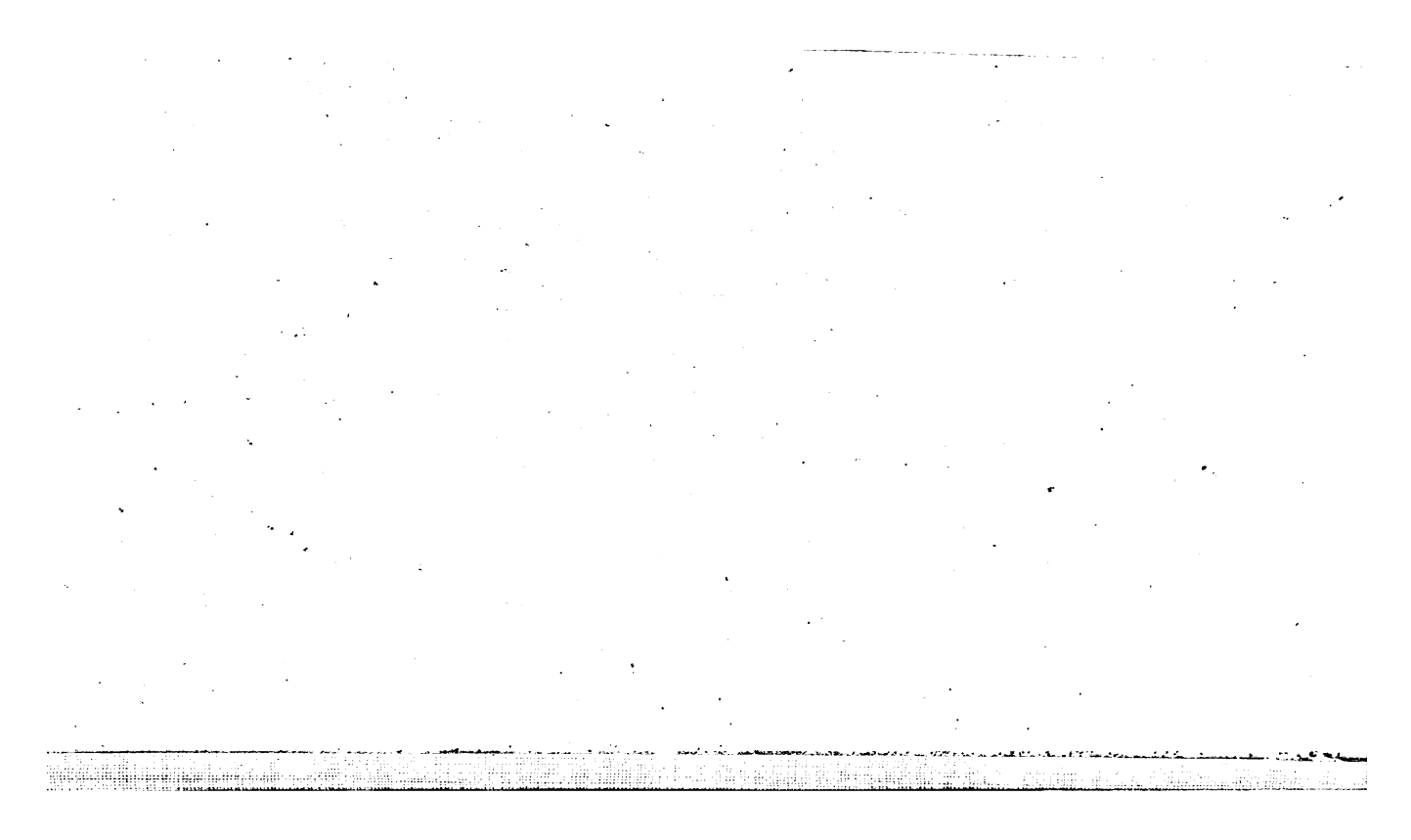

MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES MACPHERSON, Esq.

Printed by John Brown,
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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF THE LATE

CHARLES MACPHERSON, Esq.

IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CHARACTER;

WITH A

PARTICULAR INVESTIGATION OF THE NATURE, TREATMENT, AND POSSIBLE IMPROVEMENT, OF THE NEGRO IN THE BRITISH AND FRENCH WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF CHIEFLY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1773 AND 1790.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCH. CONSTABLE, AND SOLD IN *LONDON* BY VERNOR AND HOOD.

1800.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE *HENRY DUNDAS,*

TREASURER OF THE NAVY, &c. &c. &c.

WHO HAS SO

EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF

IN THE

UNITED CAUSE OF

JUSTICE AND HUMANITY:

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT,

RELATIVE TO THE

STATE AND FUTURE IMPROVEMENT OF

NEGRO BONDAGE

IN THE

BRITISH WEST INDIA COLONIES,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY,

HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE

BY THE

EDITOR.

THE Memoirs, of which the preſent Volume is a part, had been in the Editor's poſſeſſion for ſeveral years, unperuſed, and, indeed, unnoticed; and, but for an accidental circumſtance,

might have remained ſo much longer. They appear to have been originally written for the Author's amuſement, and as a kind of regiſter of paſt and ſingular events: for although the object is evidently to convey uſeful information and moral inſtruction, through the medium of *anecdote*, *character*, and *ſtory*; the various and repeated emendations in ſtyle and language, ſufficiently prove that the corrections were all made on the firſt manuſcript. This circumſtance alone, which renders the peruſal rather a taſk than an amuſement, deterred the Editor from engaging in a laboured re-

ſearch

ſearch after what he conceived was of little conſequence to the community; but more eſpecially what would have inevitably withdrawn him from profeſſional duties, which admitted of little receſs.

DURING a ſhort vacation in the country, ſome years ago, the violent and reiterated diſcuſſions of the SLAVE TRADE, *and its conſequences*, induced the Editor to dip into the obſervations of one, the principal part of whoſe life, he well knew, had been ſpent in our Weſt India Iſlands. Finding, on a ſhort per-

uſal, a fund of intelligence and entertainment he little expected, he was inſenſibly and agreeably led on to the end: and he heſitates not to ſay, that in this literary hunt after intereſting facts and uncommon viciſſitude, he was amply recompenſed for his labours. Had the zeal which actuated the advocates for abolition continued, the picture delineated in the Hiſtory of Madame Bellanger would not have been ſo long withheld from public view; but as the ſubject ſeemed to ſlumber into neglect, and at length die away, the Editor conceived it an idle attempt to diſturb

diſturb what had dropt into repoſe, or to obtrude on a ſatiated public a theme which, from its very tendency, would, in all probability, have been diſregarded.

THE propoſed revival of the *Abolition of the* SLAVE TRADE, which MR PITT has pledged himſelf to bring before the BRITISH PARLIAMENT during the preſent Seſſion, has indueed the Editor no longer to withhold what, perhaps, has already remained but too long in obſcurity. On a queſtion ſo intimately connected with the intereſt, the happineſs, and, he may add, the ſatisfaction of mankind; and

in

in the diſcuſſion of which, it is but natural to conclude, from the abilities of the mover, much ingenuity will be diſplayed, and important matter brought forward; the Editor conceives, that nothing relative to a ſubject of ſuch conſequence ought to be concealed. He has therefore, at the expence of ſome inconvenience, prepared the following ſpecimen of the work before alluded to; in which is contained, a conſiderable part of the Author's obſervations on Negro Bondage in the Weſt India Colonies; and which, after all that has already been advanced on the ſubject,

may

may perhaps be found not unworthy of ſerious conſideration.

Could the Editor flatter himſelf with the fond hope that this ſhort, though intereſting, draught, executed by one who viewed objects minutely on the ſpot, might ultimately tend to elucidate what over-heated humanity on one ſide, and over-intereſted prejudice on the other, have hitherto contributed to obſcure;—could he but bring his mind to think, that a plain undiſguiſed ſtatement of oppoſite facts and opinions might operate ſo as to lead

lead contending parties to weigh the nature and importance of each other's arguments without heat or animosity; —or could he entertain the belief, that *enumerated* RISKS *annexed to* INNOVATION, and PRACTICABLE IMPROVEMENTS *amidst* DISCOURAGING DIFFICULTIES, might incline theorists to pause before they decide, and proprietors to deliberate before they condemn—there would be little occasion for his apologising to the Public for having thus presented them with so scanty a portion of the entertainment from which it is taken, or assigning his motives for having

having obtruded on the literary world ſo imperfect a tranſcript.——Should, however, this ſpecimen meet with encouragement, it is not unlikely that the remainder may ſhortly follow.

March, 1800.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES MACPHERSON, Esq.

MY father, though deſcended from one of the moſt reputable families in Argyleſhire, was, like moſt of the younger branches in Scotland, early forced to leave home, in ſearch of better proſpects abroad. My grandfather had thirteen ſons, all grown up to man's eſtate; and being all remarkable for their ſtature and comely appearance, my grandmother uſed often to ſay, that when ſhe went to church on Sunday, with her thirteen ſons around her, ſhe conſidered herſelf a greater woman than the Queen of England encircled with her whole court. With all the local con-

A ſequence

ſequence annexed to anceſtry and property in the Highlands, my grandfather was a man of too much prudence to keep his ſons in idle inactivity at home, when conſcious of his inability to make a ſuitable proviſion for them; and, as trade and viſiting diſtant climes were in thoſe days leſs frequent than at preſent, the moſt eligible line that preſented itſelf for procuring honourable bread for his children, was the army. He therefore, conformable to ancient cuſtom, reſerved his eſtate entire for his eldeſt ſon, and giving the reſt a genteel education, reſerved L.100 patrimony for each; which, at the period alluded to, was conſidered amply ſufficient to fix them in the profeſſion of a ſoldier.

At the age of ſeventeen, my father, full of youthful ardour, poſſeſſed of an uncommon elegance of form, and a moſt engaging aſpect, left the hoſpitality of his paternal home, and repaired to London for the purpoſe of entering into the Guards, or, as they were called in thoſe

thoſe days, the *King's Life Guards*. Here he ſoon became acquainted with Colonel F——'s daughter, at that time a girl of about ſixteen in a boarding ſchool; and, hurried on by a mutual affection, they, without loſs of time, or conſidering future conſequences, took one another for better and for worſe, leaving Providence to do the reſt.

LONDON was a moſt unfavourable place for a young inexperienced couple, without fortune, prudence, or economy; and my father ſoon found, when it was too late, that a wife in his ſituation was a very ſerious appendage. He therefore determined, on her becoming pregnant, to carry her down to Argyleſhire, not only to preclude expences, but to introduce her to his relations, and have her carefully attended to during her lying-in. On this viſit he became known to the Ducheſs Dowager of Argyle; and, notwithſtanding the exiſtence of a law-ſuit at this time between her Grace and my grandfather, ſo great a fa-

vourite was my father, that, on his departure for London, ſhe gave him a letter to her ſon Archibald, then Lord Ilay, couched in ſuch warm terms, as to procure him his Lordſhip's immediate patronage. From this time he poſſeſſed not only Lord Ilay's favour, but his affection. His Lordſhip's houſe was at all times his home; and wherever he went (except on viſits of particular ceremony) he uſed to take his mother's favourite along with him. This was a real advantage to a young man juſt commencing his career in life; for, excluſive of every other benefit derived from his Lordſhip's friendſhip, my father had always an opportunity of ſeeing and converſing with the firſt company in Britain. It had, however, no other effect than to make him more polite; for his Lordſhip uſed often to remark, that his young friend was not only the handſomeſt, but the moſt modeſt Highlander he ever knew. In a ſhort time Lord Ilay procured for my father an appointment in the Cuſtoms in Scotland, which induced him to quit the Guards:

and

and not long after, an office of much greater emolument was, through his patron's intereſt, conferred on him by Sir Robert Walpole; to whom, on his appointment, he was likewiſe introduced. Had my father been qualified for calculation and accounts, he might have, ere long, to uſe his own words, rolled in his chariot; but having received a claſſical, rather than an uſeful education, he found himſelf ſo incompetent to the taſk, that, in a very ſhort while after his appointment, he intreated permiſſion to reſign, and once more, through his patron's intereſt, became a ſoldier.

I HAVE thus briefly enumerated the preliminary parts of my father's hiſtory, as they tend not only to explain ſome peculiarities, in his opinion, relative to education, but to illuſtrate a trite obſervation, that while ſome, with every exertion and talent to inſure ſucceſs, are uniformly unfortunate; others, without trouble, and with ordinary abilities, will be ſucceſsful in whatever they engage. My

father's good fortune, however, was not permanent. Having ſerved ſome campaigns in Germany, he was ſeized with an impoſthume on the liver, which obliged him to return home for the benefit of his health; and obtaining leave to ſell out, he imprudently, though innocently, diſpoſed of his company, without having previouſly conſulted his patron, at this time Duke of Argyle. This ſeeming neglect operated ſo powerfully on his Grace, that he immediately withdrew a friendſhip, which was never afterwards regained: a pretty evident proof of his regard, ſince we generally find, that the reſentment of ſlighted friendſhip is in proportion to the ſtrength of the affection.

HAVING therefore nothing to truſt to but the money ariſing from the ſale of his commiſſion, my father, who by this time was turned of forty, and had married a ſecond wife, by whom he had three children, retired to the country; and taking a ſmall farm for his amuſement, on a rational and economical plan, ſupported the character

character of a gentleman, in a ſtyle and manner which, conſidering the ſmallneſs of his income, was altogether extraordinary.

FOR ſeveral years, my father, bleſſed in the poſſeſſion of the beſt of wives, and children who diſgraced not his inſtructions, enjoyed the calm tranquillity of a country life, with a comfort to himſelf, and in a ſtyle that not only attracted the notice, but procured him the particular attention of his moſt opulent neighbours. Theſe peaceful ſcenes, however, continued not long; a train of unfortunate events, proceeding from the moſt benevolent motives, ſoon broke this happy ſerenity, ſhook my father's whole fortitude to the centre, and ruined my mother's peace of mind for ever!

THERE are few circumſtances in human affairs, that gall and corrode a generous mind more ſenſibly than diſappointments in friendſhip. Ingratitude from thoſe whom we had placed next our hearts, is a ſhock which ſtupifies and confounds;

founds; for, independent of every other mortification, it produces a train of unpleasant reflections on our own want of discernment, in being made the dupe of artifice and deceit; which seldom or never fails to rankle and distress. My poor father was little qualified for encountering the chicanery of the world. An unbounded philanthropy, and a heart that knew no luxury equal to a benevolent and friendly action, laid him constantly open to the designing arts of mankind; and, without guile himself, seldom or never suspected the sincerity of others. Unfortunately, some of his intimate acquaintance were men of desperate fortunes, who held their heads high at the time they were sinking. My father thought not of risk, nor concerned himself about the real state of their circumstances, when one asked him to be surety for a large debt, and the other for the loan of a considerable sum. "*With the greatest pleasure*," was my father's answer; and, in an evil hour, by these two acts did he subject himself to the payment of a debt for a bankrupt,

rupt, and to the mortification of never recovering, in a fifteen years law-ſuit, what he lent to a hair-brained and unprincipled projector!

In ſpite of every prudent and economical plan, and the exertions of a notable woman, who turned every thing to the beſt account, my father ſaw himſelf, and his family, expoſed to the horrors of want. Born and educated a gentleman, he found himſelf, at the age of fifty, ſtripped by villains of the principal part of his ſubſtance, without the means of procuring bread for his family, far leſs to provide for thoſe who were dearer to him than life. In this diſtreſſing emergency, an opportunity having offered for my brother's getting out to Jamaica in quality of clerk to a counting-houſe, he was launched from his paternal home, never to return; and a wealthy relation of my father's in Briſtol, happening about the ſame time to pay us a viſit, took ſuch a predilection for me, that he made an offer to provide for me as ſoon as my age, and ſome neceſſary parts of education, would

would permit: a propoſal which, every thing conſidered, was too advantageous to be rejected.

At this time I was ſcarcely nine years old, and of all my father's children was the greateſt favourite. This *he* endeavoured to conceal by every art he was maſter of; for he held it as an unpardonable weakneſs in parents to make any diſtinctions in their children, or to ſhow any other preference, than what merit and worthleſſneſs authoriſed. As for my mother, ſhe was leſs guarded; and grounding her preference on my being the youngeſt, the beſt looked, and the moſt engaging, ſhe would indulge herſelf in all thoſe little donations, and maternal endearments, that marked a ſtrong and partial affection. The fondneſs of parents naturally leads them to magnify every little acquirement of their children to ſome extraordinary excellence. The baſis of this is ſelf-love, which, contemplating every thing pertaining to ourſelves through the thick medium

um of partiality, paſſes lightly over blemiſhes which tend to diſfigure the picture; while it delights to gaze on whatever is prominently ſtriking, or luminouſly bright. With certain natural endowments, which beſpoke genius, and with acquirements which, perhaps, were unuſual at ſo early a period, I was pronounced a *moſt wonderful boy!* At the age of eight, I could write five different characters in no contemptible ſtyle; could, without having received any inſtruction, and with nothing but pen and ink, imitate ingeniouſly any thing I found delineated on paper or canvaſs; was an apt ſcholar in every branch of education I had tried; and diſcovered ſo early a propenſity to poetry, that, by the age of eleven, I had not only written ſeveral occaſional *jeu d'eſprits*, but attempted a dramatic performance in verſe, in imitation of Gay's *Dione*. Theſe were accompanied with diſpoſitions, which, if not perfect or uncommon, were at leaſt engaging in the eye of a parent. To a modeſty and ſenſibility, even to exceſs, I poſſeſſed no inconſiderable

rable fund of humour and vivacity; and what, perhaps, marks the character more ſtrongly, with the utmoſt gentleneſs and tenderneſs of heart, I poſſeſſed paſſions the moſt ardent, and a mind bold, haughty, and undaunted, when treated with diſreſpect. But of all the paſſions that operated, love was the moſt powerful; and I remember well, that, at an age when I could ſcarcely know how to expreſs my ideas, I uſed to ſingle out my favourite from among the throng, and, by the moſt artful endearments and perſuaſions, draw her from public view, and pour out my little heart to her in ſecret. In one of theſe interviews, my mother, who had often marked the peculiarity of my conduct, contrived to be a witneſs, and was altogether confounded at the tenderneſs of my ſentiments and the ardour of my declarations. In the midſt of this rapturous ſcene of infantine paſſion, and while I held my fair one's hand in mine, and declared that it was not for her ſuperior beauty alone, but for her gentleneſs and goodneſs, that I preferred her to all the other

other girls in the neighbourhood, did I perceive my mother peeping over the hedge, gazing with aſtoniſhment, and ſmiling with delight. My confuſion was ſo great, that I not only bluſhed exceſſively, but burſt into tears. I remember likewiſe that my little partner (who was much of the ſame age), inſtead of experiencing ſimilar emotions on obſerving my mother, came up to me, with ſurpriſe in her countenance, and aſked, What was the matter with me? My mother, who knew human nature well, ſhook her head, and ſaid, "My dear Charles! you have more ſenſibility than comes to your ſhare, and your ſweetheart has too little." This ſhort characteriſtical ſketch, as a general key to the various events in the following narrative of a chequered life, the writer need make no apology for.

Some time after my brother's departure, my father obtained, through the intereſt of his friends in England, a ſmall penſion of £40 *per annum*. This was a ſeaſonable relief; and on

this and his farm did he keep up his usual consequence, and preserve that genteel and officer-like appearance which had formerly so conspicuously distinguished him. My brother's removal indeed was some saving in his annual expences; and having now only my sister and me to attend to, his chief study was to give me an education suited to the prospects I had before me. He had himself early and often experienced the disadvantages of a mere classical education, and the want of an useful one; and as he had no patrimony to bestow, and in all likelihood my cousin in Bristol would place me in some mercantile branch of business, he determined to make me a master of figures rather than a master of arts; which, joined to the penmanship I possessed, he conceived the best tools he could put into my hands to procure bread, and ensure future independence. Till the age of twelve, he had himself carefully superintended those parts of early education immediately connected with morals; nor had he neglected to instil those

important

important precepts drawn from actual obſervation and the hiſtory of mankind, which, from his reading and experience of the world, he was eminently qualified to inculcate. If ever a good or a gentleman-like ſentiment occupied the breaſt of the preſent writer, he may ſafely ſay, that it was principally owing to the unwearied inſtruction and uniform example of a parent, who paid an unremitting attention to the morals and manners of his children. So extremely tenacious was he of every principle of honour, that the ſmalleſt deviation from *truth* gave him not only uneaſineſs but real pain; and ſo ſucceſsful was he in his endeavours to implant this grand regulator of moral rectitude in the youthful mind, that, at the early age of five, if he put a queſtion to me, enjoining me at the ſame time to declare the truth *upon my honour*, no conſideration whatever could induce me to deviate from it in the moſt minute particular. I remember well a circumſtance, which, although trifling, and perhaps childiſh, may however ſerve to mark

the importance of precept, and illuſtrate the force of unremitting inſtruction at an early period. My brother and I lay together in the ſame bed; and one night having offended me juſt as I was about to lie down, I declared, in the heat of paſſion, that I would not ſleep with him that night; raſhly confirming my declaration by the moſt ſolemn of all vows—upon my honour. My brother, who was ten years older than me, endeavoured, by every art he was maſter of, to induce me to go to bed, but to no purpoſe; and I actually lay a complete cold winter night on a cheſt in the room, rather than (to uſe my father's favourite phraſe) "*forfeit my honour.*" On my brother's relating the circumſtance next morning, my father, I likewiſe remember, caught me in his arms, and careſſing me with eyes ſwimming in rapture, called me his dear, his *honourable* boy, who ſhould never want for any thing.

AT the period above alluded to, I was put to a country ſchool, for the purpoſe of acquiring

ing a thorough knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping. In a short time after, my master waited on my father with high encomiums on the quickness of my progress and the goodness of my talents; and, after an eulogium on classical learning, earnestly requested him to encourage such promising talents, by giving me, what he called, *the more dignified parts of education*. By this he meant a knowledge of the Latin language; of which he was an enthusiastic admirer, and indeed no contemptible teacher. As this conversation passed in my presence, and contained some curious arguments for and against classical education, I shall candidly narrate what was advanced on either side, which, from the impressions made on my mind at the time, have never since been obliterated. . . .

"Well! Mr Balfour (said my father), admitting I yielded to your request, what are the mighty advantages annexed to a knowledge of the Latin language?"—"I presume, Captain

(ſaid Mr Balfour), that to you who have received a regular univerſity education, theſe advantages need not be ſpecified."—"They certainly do (ſaid my father); for as I have experienced the diſadvantages, I ſhould be glad to hear what can be advanced in its favour."—"You are diſpoſed to be jocular, Captain (ſaid the other). A gentleman of your good ſenſe and acquirements cannot be ſerious in maintaining any ſuch paradox, or laying down any ſuch *poſtulatum*."—"Never more ſo in my life, I do aſſure you (reſumed my father). I mean not to deny the propriety of claſſical education in certain ſituations; I only deny the neceſſity of it to ſuch as can never derive benefit from its attainment."—"There is no ſuch deſcription of men exiſting (ſaid Mr Balfour). *Every mortal* muſt derive benefit from a claſſical education! Qui ad philoſophorum ſcholas, veniunt quotide aliquid boni referrent*."—"That is

* Thoſe who repair to the ſchool of the philoſophers always carry home ſome advantage. *Seneca, Ep.* 35.

is rather a ſingular *poſtulatum* on your ſide, Mr Balfour (ſaid my father). What advantage, for inſtance, can a tailor or a ſhoemaker derive from it? Do you conceive that a Latin pair of boots, or a Greek pair of breeches, would fit better than plain Engliſh ones?"—"Neither would they fit a bit the worſe" (rejoined Mr Balfour).—"I am not ſo clear about that" (ſaid my father).—"But your ſon is neither to be a tailor nor a ſhoemaker, I preſume, Captain."—"Neither is he to be a phyſician, a divine, a lawyer, or a doctor of laws (ſaid my father). He has no inheritance to raiſe him to conſequence in the ſtate, no landed property to entitle him to a ſeat in parliament. Fortune has not enabled his father to make him baſk in her ſmiles; he muſt therefore be a ſuitor of Fortune, and buſtle and fight his way through life by his own induſtry and uſefulneſs; and the ſooner that theſe are brought into action the better."—"And do you conceive (ſaid Mr Balfour) that a little *Latin* would impede his progreſs, or retard the advance-

advancement of his fortune?"—"I certainly do (ſaid my father). A *little* Latin, of all drugs, is the moſt uſeleſs and pernicious that can poſſibly be infuſed in a young man's education. If I cannot afford to make my ſon a complete ſcholar, I am determined he ſhall not taſte the Pierian ſpring at all. He ſhall be no ſmatterer, but complete in *ſome* acquirement: and were this ſyſtem more generally adopted in Scotland, I cannot help thinking it would evince us a much more judicious people. But while Engliſh boys of certain deſcriptions are, at an early period, inſtructed in uſeful attainments, and qualified to proſecute beneficial profeſſions, every low and ridiculous blockhead in this country muſt, forſooth, give his ſon what he calls *learning*; which, after five or ſix years unprofitably ſpent at a grammar ſchool, is generally of no more ſervice to his future advancement than if he had learned *Erſe*."—"And yet, Captain (ſaid Mr Balfour vauntingly), our Scottiſh boys get on in life full as well as the Engliſh, I preſume."—"Out of their

their own country, they unqueſtionably do (ſaid my father); but not in conſequence of their *lear*, Mr Balfour."—"And pray, Sir, may I preſume to aſk what is it then?"—"It is in conſequence of their ſuperior *temperance* (ſaid my father); ſuperior *patience* under trying circumſtances; ſuperior *fidelity* in their truſt; and unremitting *attention* in their duty."—"And what can this poſſibly proceed from (ſaid Mr Balfour exultingly) but their acquaintance with thoſe illuſtrious characters of antiquity, whoſe godlike ſentiments and conduct furniſh ſuch noble examples for imitation? What can produce impreſſions of temperance, patience, and content, ſuperior to a CINCINNATUS? What convey to a youthful mind leſſons of true fortitude, magnanimity, and inflexible fidelity, more effectually than the uniform ſteadineſs of thoſe immortal men who, in the very acmé of danger, and amidſt the overwhelming craſh of ruin and human calamity, perſevered in their duty to their country; and ſo often, by mere dint of intrepidity, ſaved

ſaved the republic when tottering on the verge of deſtruction? Where, in modern times, ſhall we find a MILTIADES—a LEONIDAS—a PERICLES—a THEMISTOCLES—an EPAMINONDAS? Where a MUTIUS SCAEVOLA—a BRUTUS—a VIRGINIUS—a CAMILLUS—a FABIUS—a SCIPIO AFRICANUS? No wonder, Captain, that our young men point *inſtinctively* to the army. The ſtory of the HORATII and CURIATII alone is ſufficient to make a warrior! No wonder they make ſo reſpectable a figure in their military career, when ſuch examples, as the Greek and Roman hiſtories furniſh, are daily held up to them in their youth, implanted in their tender minds, and, in a manner, incorporated with their natures! And will any perſon contend, that this has no influence on future conduct? or that ſentiments ſo elevated, and actions ſo diſintereſtedly ſplendid, are not more likely to reflect ſuperior luſtre, than the groveling purſuits of the plebeian ſoul immerſed in Siberian darkneſs, whoſe utmoſt ambition centres in the

the poſſeſſion of a good dinner, or the beaſtly gratification of a ſenſual debauch? Pueri legant (ſays Quintilian) et edifcant non modo quæ jucunda ſunt ſed magis quæ honeſta *. Will it be denied, that the Roman claſſics contain a variety of uſeful and intellectual maxims for the conduct of life? or will it be maintained, that theſe maxims have no utility in the regulation of manners and practice? Will it not be allowed, that the example of the Roman heroes have a natural tendency to inſpire courage; to animate with patriotiſm; to elevate the mind above ſordid and ungenerous purſuits; to infuſe a ſenſe of honour and dignity into the whole man; and, what is of the laſt importance in every walk of human life, to expand the intellectual faculties, and communicate health, energy, and vigour, to *the mind*?

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant †.

Yes,

* Let children learn, not only what is pleaſant, but much more what is virtuous and honeſt.

† But learning improves innate abilities; and proper inſtructions ſtrengthen the mind. *Hor.*

Yes, yes! depend upon it, Captain, that the ſucceſs of our countrymen is chiefly, if not wholly, owing to their early acquaintance with the Roman claſſics"—"I am ſorry (ſaid my father, ſmiling at Mr Balfour's enthuſiaſm) that I cannot, conſiſtent with my experience, pay the Romans ſo high a compliment; becauſe the men to whom I allude knew no more of the Roman claſſics than I do of the Gentoo laws. Their education amounts to very ſimple acquirements, Mr Balfour; many of them can hardly ſubſcribe their own names, and I'll be ſworn never read any other claſſics than their Bible and their *catechiſm* in their lives. Their ſucceſs, however, was certainly owing to an early education, but not ſuch as *you* recommend; —it was very different indeed!"—"Pray, Sir (ſaid Mr Balfour eagerly), what was it?"—"It was the ſuperior education of early *reſtraint* to early *indulgence* (ſaid my father); of *rigid economy* to *extravagance*; of habitual *temperance* to habitual *pleaſure*; of examples of prudence and religion to folly, diſſoluteneſs,

and

and vice.—" Do you comprehend me, Mr Balfour " (ſaid my father).—" I am rather at a loſs for your *poſtulatum*, Captain " (ſaid Mr Balfour).—" I ſhall explain myſelf more fully" (ſaid my father).

" EARLY IMPRESSIONS, as you very judiciouſly obſerve, Mr Balfour, have a very powerful effect on future conduct: habits long eſtabliſhed have ſtill a greater. It is therefore of infinite importance, not only to future ſucceſs, but to future happineſs, that our children be educated ſo as to enable them to encounter the inevitable viciſſitudes of life with firmneſs and fortitude; and what is perhaps ſtill more eſſential to human comfort, to *feel* the inconveniences annexed to an unfavourable change of ſituation as little as poſſible. He who wiſhes to leave his ſon an inheritance of felicity, ought ſtudiouſly to lay up for him, as ſoon as he can, ſuch a ſtock of *reſtraints* and refuſals as may, in due time, yield a ſeaſonable and plenteous increaſe. Indulgence, in the early part of life,

is the sure source of future necessities; and an habitual gratification of what are called *the good things of this world*, the heaviest and most grievous tax that can possibly be laid on future tranquillity. An English and a Scotch boy's education, in this particular instance, is so very different, that I cannot help considering it as the chief cause of those distinctions which mark their conduct in similar situations, particularly in that of our fleets and armies. Those distinctions originate, not from any radical difference in the genius or abilities of the two people; but from circumstances as natural as they are common—circumstances which have ever attended, and ever must accompany, the wealth and prosperity of nations. Luxury, we all know, is the immediate concomitant of wealth; and dissoluteness of luxury. While these spread their influence among the opulent and gay, the contagion must be felt in some degree by all. The love of pleasure is congenial to the human mind; and when we look around, and perceive tempting incentives to indulge, and example

to

to incite; can it be wondered at, if we wish to participate? and after participation, can it be wondered at, if we persevere in what yields superior satisfaction? Now, in England, the article of *good living*, or, to make myself more perfectly understood, the article of *good eating*, from the causes just specified, has become so essential to an Englishman's happiness, that it may, without any paradox, be said to constitute his greatest curse."—"Aye! (said Mr Balfour) that is something extraordinary indeed!"—"Without it (continued my father) he is miserable in every situation; and to obtain it, he will often sacrifice the most important and prudential concerns—It is the god of his daily idolatry—the object of his invariable attention—the sovereign soother of his sufferings—the perpetual theme of his praise! Were this all, we might pass it over with a smile; but, unfortunately, this is the best side of the picture, and the reverse presents us with something so degrading to human nature, and so subversive of human happiness, as to excite a mixture of

melancholy, pity, and contempt—I hope and *think* (ſaid my father emphatically), that I am altogether above national prejudice—I have aſſociated longer with the Engliſh than with any other deſcription of men whatever; and it is doing no more than common juſtice to my ſentiments to declare, that, take them all in all, I love and venerate them the moſt. But ſtill (ſaid my father, ſhaking his head) this vile and violent attachment to their bellies, is what I ever did, and ever muſt condemn; becauſe I have ſo repeatedly witneſſed the unhappy conſequences inſeparable from it. Their raptures over a feaſt may excite ridicule; but their miſerable murmurs over every thing that comes not exactly up to their palates; their ſpend-thrift folly in procuring whatever they admire; and their childiſh deſpondency on a privation of a few temporary trifles—excite very different ſenſations; becauſe we well know that they too often are the ſource, not only of irregularity of conduct, but of thoſe diſmal cataſtrophes which terminate by a piſtol, the ſerpentine river,

ver, or Tyburn tree. Amidſt this ſyſtem of general gormandizing—this vortex of cramming—this avidity for every thing *good* and *nice* and *rare* in eating; what are the *impreſſions* which a young mind muſt neceſſarily receive in the early part of education? Does not a boy perceive, from the hour of his birth, every individual around him eagerly preſſing forward to a feaſt, or grumbling and repining over humble fare? Are not his ears perpetually regaled with culinary criticiſms, and his appetite inceſſantly whetted with deſcriptions of ſumptuous repaſts? Is he not initiated from his cradle into the arcana of cookery? Is he not, long before the age of maturity, an experienced and profound connoiſſeur in every branch of the art?

On the other hand, what are the daily objects that ſtrike a boy educated in Scotland? (Remember, ſaid my father, that, in this comparative view, I allude to the inferior claſs of inhabitants in either country). Nurſed in the lap of *Economy*, he ſees father, mother, friends, and acquaintance, looking forward, not to im-

mediate enjoyments, but to future proſpects. He obſerves few preparations for the feaſt, but every preparation for the holiday, the kirk, and the fair. In other words, he ſees the belly conſtantly pinched, for the purpoſe of accumulating ſomething for the back; and that a decent appearance is an object of much more attention, to both young and old, than all the gluttony of a MAXIMUS, or the luxury of a HELIOGABALUS. Now (continued my father), what are the inevitable *conſequences* of theſe different impreſſions on the removal of a young man from his paternal home, and in particular from his native country? In the one caſe, in all likelihood, one boy finds a change in every thing for the worſe; in the other, he experiences a change for the better. At all events, ſhould the day of Pentecoſt arrive, we may ſafely conclude, that the Engliſhman's ſufferings will be the moſt acute of the two; and indeed, in every ſituation where ſhort commons, or hard fare, viſit our ſoldiers or our ſeamen, the truth of this concluſion is but too apparent.

Not

Nor can it be wondered at. He muſt be a philoſopher indeed, who, after having taſted the pleaſures of ſenſual gratification, can temperate his appetite to the hard neceſſity of the times without murmuring. The mind, once accuſtomed to habitual enjoyment, muſt often recur to the circumſtance which produced it, and as often wiſh for a renewal of what formerly afforded pleaſure. This retroſpect of the *paſt*, and *piſgah view* of the future, muſt operate powerfully in withdrawing ſteady, patient, and cheerful attention from the *preſent*; and it is to this cauſe, and to no other, that I attribute the whole of that difference which, unqueſtionably, marks the conduct of our Engliſh and Scotch ſoldiers, ſailors, and, I may add, mechanics; and which often renders one deſcription of men, even with inferior abilities and activity, objects of ſuperior truſt."

"And yet, Captain (ſaid Mr Balfour), you ſeem to prefer this mode of *eating* education to that of our own."—"I prefer (ſaid my father) an education

tion which brings young men, who have nothing but their induſtry to depend upon, early into uſeful employment, to that which tends to retard their progreſs, without giving one ſingle advantage in return. But while I prefer what contributes to the advancement of general induſtry, it does not follow, Mr Balfour, that I approve of maladies that impede its full effect. Theſe maladies I have juſt ſpecified and condemned; and as they certainly do not originate from *learning*, it reſts with you to prove (ſaid my father ſmiling), that an acquaintance with the *Roman Claſſics* would effectuate a cure."—"It likewiſe reſts with you, Captain, to prove that it would *not* (ſaid Mr Balfour); and that the prevailing education in our own country is not the ſecret, though ſilent cauſe, of that humble temperance, prudence, and economy, which characteriſe the lower claſſes of ſociety in Scotland, and which afterwards contribute to their future ſucceſs."—"If by education, you mean Latin and Greek (ſaid my father), I have proved that already."—"As how?" (ſaid Mr Balfour)

—"By

—"By ſhewing (ſaid my father), that thoſe who do ſucceed, and excel by their good conduct, know no more of either than my dog *Borran*."—"But you have forgot to prove, Captain, that thoſe who *do*, act leſs meritoriouſly."—"Admitting (ſaid my father) that they do not, is *loſs of time* no conſideration? Is it not abſurd to waſte five or ſix years of the moſt valuable period in life, in acquiring nothing towards future ſucceſs? and cannot this important period be employed to better purpoſes?"—"I do not think it can (ſaid Mr Balfour briſkly). What can a boy learn from the age of eight to fourteen?"—"*Any thing* better (ſaid my father) than that which for years he cannot comprehend: but it would be no difficult matter to prove that, in the period juſt mentioned, much and material inſtruction may be attained. The queſtion, Mr Balfour, may be reduced to a very narrow compaſs—it turns on this ſimple point, *What is the education the moſt likely to procure a young man of no fortune or expectation, early employment—contribute to preferment—and ſecure an*

an eligible eſtabliſhment in life? For the accompliſhment of theſe deſirable ends—What are the *tools which he muſt work with?*—*What are the talents moſt generally in requeſt?* Is it the knowledge of a dead language, for which, in all probability, he never afterwards will find the ſmalleſt occaſion? or is it the knowledge of what, in a great trading opulent nation, is continually in demand? Is it an acquaintance with ancient republics, ſtateſmen, and heroes? or with the arts, commerce, and manufactures of the country in which he reſides? Is it nouns, verbs, and participles? or figures, penmanſhip, and accounts? Is it, in ſhort, the ſentiments of a Roman? or the ſentiments of a man of buſineſs?"—"And what prevents all this from being attained together with a knowledge of Latin" (ſaid Mr Balfour).—"*Want of time! want of time!* (exclaimed my father). The grand and principal object is, to get our ſons as early inſtructed as poſſible, not only to eaſe poor parents of a heavy charge, but to enable them to ſeize the golden opportunity of following

lowing any useful profession with advantage. Remember, Mr Balfour, what our friend Horace says,

Cum tibi sunt nati nec opes tunc artibus illos
*Instruc quo possint inopem defendere vitem**.

To postpone or to trifle with this period, is madness or folly in the extreme! A young man, after a certain time of life, begins to judge for himself, and acts accordingly. His mind takes particular bents, which the partiality of parents mistakes for the operations of genius. He will, in consequence of slight and transient impressions, do this, or that, or nothing. Passions and predilections spring up; a love of pleasure and amusement commences; dispositions, founded on vanity or airy imagination, take root; habits are formed, till, unable to stoop to laborious operations with ease, or prosecute useful professions with perseverance, he remains

* When you have children and not wealth, then furnish them with trades that they may be able to support an indigent life.

remains loitering in a ſtate of wavering inactivity or idle expectation, a burden to his friends, and uſeleſs to the community; when, by an early launch into the world, he might have eſtabliſhed himſelf in the line of emolument, and riſen to reſpect and eminence among his fellow citizens."

"AND, pray, what may the be period for this ſaid *launch*, Captain" (ſaid Mr Balfour)?—"*Fifteen*, or *ſixteen* at fartheſt (ſaid my father). By that time, and with proper inſtruction, a young man may face the world without a bluſh for his ignorance, and be enabled to proſecute any uſeful profeſſion to advantage."—"And what, in the name of heaven (ſaid Mr Balfour), can be the important branches of education which, excluſive of the dead languages, are to occupy all this time, and qualify the ſon of a gentleman for ſuch multifarious undertakings?"—"I will briefly enumerate them (ſaid my father, touching his left thumb with his right fore-finger, and ſtriking it repeatedly at each enumeration);

tion); I will briefly enumerate them, Mr Balfour, and leave you to decide as to their utility.

In the firſt place, a particular attention to *penmanſhip*, *figures*, and *accounts*, I hold to be indiſpenſibly neceſſary; becauſe with ſuch materials a young man may enter into any profeſſion (the learned excepted) with advantage; and without them, into none. They are the current coin of every civilized country; but in this, and every great commercial ſtate, they are the ſprings which ſet the whole machinery in motion. By theſe, I mean not the mere inſtruction obtained at ſchool; but that which is acquired by practical experience in a counting-houſe, and which, at an early period, may qualify him for a man of buſineſs, whatever the nature of that buſineſs may be. In the ſecond place, I am for a thorough knowledge of *geography*; for the attainment of which, and, at the ſame time, to impreſs memorable hiſtorical events on the mind, I would have geo-

graphy and hiſtory to go hand in hand, and aſſiſt one another. All boys are fond of *drawing*; and few parents attend to the advantages that may be derived from this elegant and delightful art. Excluſive of the pleaſure it conveys to an ingenious mind, it often opens a door to preferment, emolument, and reſpect. The philoſopher, the naturaliſt, the man of ſcience, and the man of taſte, all own and admire its influence, and muſt venerate the cauſe which produces ſuch funds of pleaſure and information. It is, moreover, one of the beſt feathers in a *ſoldier's* cap; and, independently of every advantage to the traveller and circumnavigator, it is of itſelf, as a profeſſional art, perhaps the moſt delightful and profitable, collectively, of any exiſting. But, like all the other fine arts (ſaid my father), drawing has its faſcinating charms to lead its votaries aſtray, and ſhould therefore be guarded againſt, and reſtrained within due limits. *Mathematics* I certainly would not leave out, nor the ſtudy of *natural philoſophy*.—Excluſively of their aſ-

ſiſtance

ſiſtance in proſecuting many of the uſeful arts to advantage, they accuſtom the youthful mind to reaſon juſtly and acutely; but I am not for extending the ſtudy of thoſe branches, particularly the firſt, too far. The firſt ſix books of Euclid, with *trigonometry*, and a competent knowledge of *geometry*, I ſhould think a ſufficient foundation for future proſecution, if neceſſary. Theſe, together with the elements of *navigation*, and the uſual accompaniments of what diſtinguiſhes a genteel education, among which I unqueſtionably would not exclude a knowledge of the *French language*, I call the *eſſential* parts of a young man's education; and poſſeſſed of theſe, I am perſuaded he is fully qualified to bruſh through life, not only with ſucceſs, but with reſpectability; and at all times prepared to catch at any of the uſeful profeſſions which opportunity may throw in his way."—"But, *good God!* Captain (exclaimed Mr Balfour, rendered almoſt frantic with this total excluſion of ancient literature), what are all theſe *eſſentials*, as you call them, to a young

man who, either by birth, connections, or abilities, is intitled to fill offices which lead to honour and diſtinction; and which, in a particular manner, demand ſome of the *higher branches* of education to render him, in thoſe departments, dignified or reſpectable? How can any man, who aſpires to a ſtation above the more vulgar, put pen to paper, or open his lips in company, without a knowledge of compoſition, which nothing but an acquaintance with the *claſſics* can give; without a correctneſs in language, which nothing but a knowledge of *grammar* can produce? What a figure, for inſtance, would any *military* man, above the rank of a ſerjeant, make in converſation, were he unacquainted with the hiſtory of thoſe heroes of antiquity, who ought to be the invariable patterns of his conduct? And, in talking of their memorable operations, or in tranſmitting an account of his own, how contemptible would he appear, in the opinion of his fellow officers, friends, and acquaintance, were he unable to expreſs himſelf, like a ſoldier

diet and a gentleman, and be forced to make uſe of the phraſeology of a porter, or a compoſition that would diſgrace his waſherwoman? Ut ager quamvis fertilis ſine cultura fructum, idea non poteſt ſic fine doctrina animus*. But to put rank, and the ſtation of a gentleman, altogether out of the queſtion, and to view mankind ſimply in the light of citizens emerging, by the efforts of induſtry, from penury to wealth, and, by a laudable ambition, riſing from obſcurity to conſequence and power, let me aſk you, Captain, if the poſſeſſion of literary talents are not ſome of the higheſt ſteps of the ladder by which they aſcend, and, after mounting to the top, ſome of the brighteſt ornaments they can poſſeſs? Is not an illiterate man an object of contempt, however elevated his ſtation? Interrogatus Ariſtippus (ſays Cicero), quod diſcrimen eſſet inter *doctos* et *indoctos*? reſpondit, idem quod inter equos *domitos*

* As land, though fertile, cannot bring forth fruit without cultivation, ſo neither can the mind.

et *non domitos**. And is not the ſcholar look-ed up to with reſpect even in the boſom of poverty?—is not the gentleman venerated and reſpected in proportion to the knowledge and erudition he has obtained? What renders Captain Macpherſon, at this moment, even with a ſlender fortune, ſo ſuperior to all the men of landed property round him, but the ſuperior company with which he has aſſociated, and the ſuperior education which he has received. Videmus literas et ingenuas artes, non ſolum beatæ vitæ oblectationem, ſed etiam levamen maximum †. And will *you*, Sir, who experience ſuch advantages and conſolations from a liberal education, exclude your ſon from ſimilar enjoyments; and with talents ſo promiſing, bury every budding bloſſom of genius in the charnel of mean vulgarity, and obſcure every

* Ariſtippus being aſked, what difference there is between the learned and unlearned? replied, the ſame that is between horſes that are broken and thoſe that are not broken.

† We ſee that learning and the polite arts are not only the entertainment of a happy life, but likewiſe its relief.

every luminous ray of fancy in the dark tomb of oblivion! I cannot bear the idea (ſaid Mr Balfour, riſing haſtily from his ſeat, and walking as haſtily acroſs the room)—I cannot bear the idea!—upon my ſoul I cannot!"

"I was proceeding (ſaid my father with great coolneſs) to a conſideration of this very important and neceſſary branch of education, and, of courſe, am not altogether unprepared for your queſtion, Mr Balfour. A correct knowledge of our own language, I am ſo far from excluding from my ſyſtem, that I hold it of the utmoſt conſequence. Every young man, whatever his ſtation in life may be, muſt derive advantages from it; and without it, every man who aſpires to the rank of a gentleman, muſt, in the opinion of the world, ſuffer degradation. It is a thorough conviction of this truth, founded on repeated experience, that has induced me, among other conſiderations, to condemn the general ſyſtem of education adopted in this country; for ſo far am I from agreeing

agreeing with you in the idea that Latin is *indispenſible* for the attainment of good Engliſh compoſition, I am, on the contrary, clearly of opinion, that, in the *limited time* which I have allotted for ſcholaſtic inſtruction, it is the great impediment. (Mr Balfour held up his hands and groaned.) In *one* month (continued my father) I will engage to make a boy comprehend more of the grammatical conſtruction of his own language than WATT or RUDDIMAN will do in *twelve*; and in one tenth part of the time conſumed in acquiring the common principles of an unknown tongue, I will, by the help of Engliſh grammar, the peruſal of good Engliſh authors, elegant tranſlations, and frequent practice in Engliſh compoſition, give him a more eaſy, accurate, and poliſhed ſtyle, than all that TACITUS, TITUS LIVIUS, or TULLIUS CICERO, can produce. And why? Becauſe in the time one boy is getting unknown vocables by rote, the other is applying familiar words grammatically to familiar uſes. Becauſe, while the one is hammering his brains to

to find out rules for purpoſes which he does not comprehend, the other is advancing rapidly and pleaſantly in taſks where inſtruction is exemplified by productions of taſte, and daily ſtrengthened by works of his own creation. Becauſe, in the frequent peruſal of approved Engliſh authors, the ear is not only more accuſtomed to an Engliſh idiom, but more familiarized to a good ſtyle, and much leſs liable to be vitiated by a bad one, than in a common grammar ſchool, where the utmoſt perfection of *Engliſh compoſition* conſiſts in haſty literal tranſlations; and where the criterion of *taſte* centres in one man, often as deficient in this grand requiſite, as in every other that conſtitutes elegance and purity in writing. Becauſe, from the difference of idiom in the Engliſh and Latin language, a vernacular knowledge of the one cannot be acquired by a ſtudy of the other: as a proof of which I do maintain, that before we can attain a correctneſs in Engliſh compoſition, we are under the neceſſity of unlearning a great deal of what, with infinite labour

bour and difficulty, we formerly acquired. But what I hold as one of the moſt important conſiderations annexed to an *early* application to *Engliſh grammar and Engliſh compoſition* is, that having paſſed through youth without it, we ſeldom or never apply ourſelves to it after. Were we to examine the general run of young men who have eſcaped the trammels of Greek and Latin, and who often plume themſelves on what is called an *academical education*, the truth of this obſervation would be too evident. Nay, ſhould we analyſe the ſtyle even of ſome of thoſe authors who look down on the mere Engliſh ſcholar with ſovereign contempt, we ſhall find, that with much erudition there is often much want of elegance; and that, amidſt true genius and ſcience, there are not only embarraſſment in the conſtruction, but confuſion in the arrangement of their own vernacular idiom.

"Now, with all due deference to the Latin language and *ſome* of its teachers (continued my father,

father, bowing reſpectfully to Mr Balfour), do you conceive that a lad of tolerable parts, and with the education I have ſpecified, is unqualified to fill any department with reſpectability to himſelf, and credit to the office he holds? Nay, do you not really think that he will acquit himſelf juſt as well in every thing relative to the man of buſineſs and the gentleman, as if he had been ſome years conjugating Latin verbs at a grammar ſchool?"—"I *do not*" (ſaid Mr Balfour rather tartly).—"I will, however, lay ten to one (ſaid my father) that at the age of ſixteen, my Engliſhman will outſtrip your Roman in every uſeful profeſſion they are put to; and if, with equal advantages, he does not approach the goal of preferment ſome years ſooner, I will engage to eat for my dinner all the ancient authors, which, no doubt, in the courſe of this diſquiſition you think I have groſsly blaſphemed."—"You had much better exclude the ancient authors and ancient learning altogether (ſaid Mr Balfour peeviſhly); for, according to your ſyſtem, they appear

to

to be totally uſeleſs."—"Pardon me (ſaid my father), I ſhould be loth indeed to advance any ſuch doctrine. My ſyſtem, recollect Mr Balfour, has nothing to do with the *learned profeſſions*. It applies ſolely to a numerous and reſpectable deſcription of men, whoſe ſituations in life demand *exertion*, and whoſe purſuits *admit not of delay*. But to thoſe whom FORTUNE and LEISURE enable to proſecute the bent of their inclinations, or to ſuch whoſe time is devoted to the purſuits of polite literature and the ſciences, I am for opening a large field, not only for the exerciſe of talents, but the full gratification of taſte. To exclude ſuch from a ſtudy of the ancients, would, of all other plans, be the moſt prepoſterous and unjuſt. No ſource which conveys rational and intellectual pleaſure ought to be impeded; and, perhaps, no ſource is better calculated to convey information and delight to an elegant and comprehenſive mind, than the peruſal of works which have ever been, and ever will be, admired while good taſte and manly reaſoning continue

tinue to exist. Whatever I have advanced in ſupport of *uſeful* and *general* education, let it not be inferred that I am, or ever was, unfriendly to the ancient claſſics: They have been the favourite companions of my youth; and, if I miſtake not, they will be the friends of my old age. In the midſt of trials they have borne me up, and armed me with fortitude and reſignation: in the hour of ſolitude, of ſickneſs, and of ſorrow, they have cheered my deſpondency, and ſoothed my diſtreſs! Even now (ſaid my father, looking tenderly at his wife and children) they fill up the pauſe of employment, and the interval of paternal and connubial bliſs; and although, no doubt, they occaſionally remind me of their *unprofitableneſs*, I am afraid I would not willingly exchange them for all that Fortune could beſtow." What a pity it is (ſaid Mr Balfour, melting into tears of tranſport) that one who can ſpeak ſo *well* in favour of learning, ſhould ever ſay any thing againſt it! O rectam ſinceramque vitam! O

E dulce

dulce etiam honeſtumque ac pene omnia negotia pulchris!"

THIS converſation, however, was productive of very different effects, on my mind, from what my father intended. The concluſion of his ſpeech, in *favour* of claſſical education, overturned all he had previouſly advanced againſt it; and the glow and enthuſiaſm of Mr Balfour's affection for the ancients, naturally led me to ſuppoſe that ſomething exquiſitely delightful was annexed to their acquaintance. From that moment I became a ſcholar in ſentiment and inclination—the *dulce etiam*—the *rationem ſinceramque vitam*, were implanted in the ſoil—I ſighed for an introduction to the walks of litterature, taſte, and imagination; nor was it long before honeſt Balfour brought this introduction about, notwithſtanding my father's poſitive prohibition to the contrary. He was the more induced to take this ſtep, from the following accidental diſcovery of my natural diſpoſition; for in ſpite of every reſolution

lation on my part, or impoſed taſk on his, cer-tain parts of OVID and VIRGIL were never recited aloud in the ſchool, but the account-book, ſlate, and pencil were inſtantly laid aſide, and forgot as completely as if they had never been in hand.

ONE day, in particular, as this little ſove-reign of literature was ſtrutting acroſs the ſchool, expounding in ſtrong emphaſis and intonation the paſſionate and affecting ſtory of *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, his eye accidentally caught me, while liſtening with greedy ears, and my whole countenance expreſſive of emo-tion. Struck with the ſingularity of my ap-pearance, he accoſted me with—"Well, Maſter Charles, have you worked your queſtion?"—"No, Sir (ſaid I with ſome confuſion), I have not."—"And why are you not buſy then?"—"Sir (ſaid I with infinite naiveté), I cannot work any queſtion, or attend to any thing elſe, while you are repeating the ſtory of Pyramus and Thiſbe." Conceiving this a compliment

paid to his powers of tranſlation, and unable to conceal the pleaſure it conveyed, he immediately rejoined—"And would you not like, my dear boy! to be able to read thoſe beautiful ſtories in the language in which they are written, and which as far ſupaſſes the beſt tranſlation that can be given, as the ſplendour of yonder ſun is to the faint glimmering of a ruſh taper?"—"O yes, Sir (ſaid I with a deep ſigh, and dejected look), but my papa will not conſent to it!"—"Then you *ſhall* be enabled (replied the enraptured pedagogue), whether he conſents to it or not; for, rather than ſuffer ſuch genius to remain uncultured, I ſhall teach you without your papa's knowledge, and that too without fee or reward." And indeed, this worthy admirer of the Romans was as good as his promiſe; for as I boarded with him for ſome time after, he contrived, by unwearied attention on his ſide, and uncommon application on mine, to lay no bad foundation for aſcending, at a future period, to the '*more lofty and dignified parts of education.*' But the

time

time now approached when these plans were to be frustrated, and when this favourite pupil was to be torn, not only from the tuition of a kind preceptor, but from the protection of the tenderest and most affectionate of parents.

HAVING arrived at my fourteenth year, and received all those essential parts of education which my father deemed necessary, my relation in Bristol anxiously waited my arrival. A time was therefore fixed for this separation, which hung so heavy on the minds of my mother and sister, that a constant gloom and depression of spirits reigned throughout the family for some months previous to my departure. My father, although he wore the semblance of tranquillity, and, to fortify my mother's mind, even expatiated on the advantages that would accrue from this event, felt all those tender emotions that usually spring up when we are about to lose an object of affection; and when my mother, overcome with the idea of an eternal adieu, used to give vent to her

ſorrows and complaints, he was no longer able to carry on the diſguiſe. My leaving them at this time, too, was rendered doubly diſtreſſing by the news of my brother's death in Jamaica, which arrived but a few months before. This circumſtance, independent of the grief it produced, awakened all thoſe apprehenſions which diſtracted my mother's mind on my approaching departure; for, with a preſentiment which indeed the concluſion authoriſed, ſhe could never be reaſoned out of a firm belief that our parting would be the laſt. My ſiſter, though five years older, had long been my conſtant companion when at home; and ſome time before my departure, an additional ſtrength of affection had ſprung up between us. Whole nights would we ſit up converſing by the fire-ſide, when all the reſt of the family were aſleep; whole evenings walk out together, heedleſs and indifferent to any other ſociety. Theſe ſtolen interviews eſcaped not the obſervation of my father and mother; and while it yielded them delight, it likewiſe added to the poignancy of

their

their affliction, when they reflected how ſoon ſuch endearing ties would be broken. "Inhuman monſters!" (would my mother exclaim, alluding to thoſe who had defrauded my father of his property) inhuman monſters! thus to rob me of my children; ſcatter them abroad, and tear them aſunder, when Nature has cemented them ſo cloſely together!"

My route was firſt to Glaſgow, where I was to remain ſome time, and from thence to Greenock; from which place I was to embark for Briſtol. On the morning of my departure, my mother roſe early; and before I was ready to mount my little poney, had rode off precipitately to avoid what ſhe well knew would happen. A meſſage from my father ſummoned me to his bed-chamber when I was about to depart. I found him in bed, the curtains drawn, and the room purpoſely darkened. Taking me by the hand, he addreſſed me in the following words, which I have often repeated ſince with tenderneſs, and which, at this mo-

ment,

ment, are ſtill engraven on my mind: "My dear Charles, you are now to be placed beyond the reach of my inſtructions; and I flatter myſelf, that after what I have ſo anxiouſly laboured to produce, any farther inſtructions of mine will henceforth be unneceſſary. You have received from Nature good diſpoſitions and good parts; let not the example of worthleſs and contemptible minds debaſe them. Whatever your faults and follies may be (for no man is without them), let them be the faults and follies of a *gentleman*. Shun low company; and always aſpire to ſociety above you. Conſider a mean action as worſe than death; for no length of time can wipe it out. Be a man of truth and fidelity; and whatever your lot in life may be, think not any honeſt profeſſion below your notice, nor your employer's intereſt a matter of indifference. Avoid quarrels by gentleneſs and civility to all; but check inſolence and audacity with becoming firmneſs and ſpirit. In a word, be a man of honour, a man of humanity, and above all, a ſervant to

your

your God; and may God Almighty direct and protect you in all your ways!" Having delivered himself thus, he preſſed me to his boſom; and, muffling his head with the bed-cloathes, I could hear, as I went out of the room, the ſtifled groans of grief and affection burſt from his manly breaſt.

TILL this time my heart had never known the full ſympathy of grief, nor any of thoſe emotions which had ſo long agitated the reſt of the family. I had ſeen my mother and ſiſter, and even the ſervants, repeatedly in tears at my approaching departure; while the proſpect of new ſcenes and delightful objects made me wonder at their affliction. But the moment my father's ſtruggling ſorrows reached my ears, all my tenderneſs aroſe, and burſt into an agony of grief. Poor Henrietta, who till then had ſat weeping in ſilence below, ſoon caught the ſound; which, operating like an electric ſtroke on the gentleneſs of her nature, produced concords in perfect union. "O Charles! Charles! (exclaimed

(exclaimed this affectionate girl, as I at laſt eſcaped from her frantic embrace), my dear, my lovely, Charles! I ſhall never, *never* ſee you more."——Alas! Henrietta! little did I think, at the time, that a propheteſs ſo young would have ſpoken ſo true.

My ſtay at Glaſgow was for ſome months; during which I received the laſt poliſh to my country education. I remember little more of my voyage to Briſtol, than the moſt exceſſive ſea-ſickneſs, which produced an early diſlike to a mode of life which I never ſince could reliſh, although it has been my lot to experience a great deal of its trials. My deſtination at Briſtol did not tend to eradicate theſe impreſſions.

On my arrival, I was ſenſibly ſtruck with a change of ſcene very oppoſite to what I had formerly experienced. My couſin's houſe was ſituated in one of the moſt faſhionable parts of the town, and fitted up in a ſtyle, not only handſome,

handſome, but elegant. The whole diſplayed taſte joined to the utmoſt neatneſs; and ſuch were the extraordinary attentions paid to cleanlineſs, ſcrubbing, waxing, and hard rubbing, that I got ſeveral falls in the rooms and paſſages before I was forty-eight hours in the houſe. As for the ſtairs, I was poſitively prohibited aſcending them with my ſhoes on the very day after my arrival: but I ſhall defer all farther deſcription of the houſe till I give ſome account of its inhabitants.

My couſin had early in life, by a ſteady and judicious proſecution of his profeſſion, acquired, in the courſe of between twenty and thirty years, a genteel competency; which enabled him to live in eaſe and affluence at home on the fruits of his former induſtry. He had been for a number of years engaged in the Guinea trade; but the principal ſource of his wealth had flowed from his Weſt India connections. During the latter part of his nautical operations, he had become chief owner of

of a large ſhip in the Briſtol trade; and opening ſtore-houſes in the different Weſt India iſlands to which he ſailed, he had not only gained conſiderably by traffic, but had neceſſarily become acquainted with the leading men in theſe iſlands; with ſome of whom he eſtabliſhed regular freights for his ſhip, and fixed himſelf as agent for them at home. It was in this laſt employment he was engaged on my arrival in Briſtol; and although he had a variety of concerns in different veſſels in the Weſt India trade, he had for ſome years retired from the fatigues of a ſea life, and ſending his ſon out to St Chriſtopher's to ſupply his preſence there, contented himſelf with the buſineſs he had to tranſact at home, which was little more than an amuſement. Although an intercourſe with men of fortune and faſhion had conſiderably ſmoothed the roughneſs of the ſeaman, a good deal of it ſtill remained. He was, moreover, independent of every thing annexed to profeſſion; a man naturally blunt and ſincere; warm in his friendſhips, and poſitive in his

his determinations. Though poſſeſſed of a large ſhare of philanthropy and good nature, he was not only hot, but ungovernable in his anger; and although few men had a better heart, or a ſounder underſtanding, he was frequently unreaſonable in his paſſions, and altogether ridiculous during their influence. He had ſome years before my arrival buried his wife, with whom it was ſaid he enjoyed but little harmony; and he now lived with a daughter, a young lady of about eighteen, who, with his ſon in the Weſt Indies, were the only fruits of his marriage. Miſs PATTY was her father's favourite, and indeed poſſeſſed the arts of wheedling, coaxing, and leading the old gentleman in no inferior degree. She had been the chief agent in watching and detecting the mother's tippling operations, which was one of the principal ſources of miſunderſtanding between huſband and wife; and as Miſs had various converſations with her father on the ſubject, and was alſo the means of conveying intereſting intelligence to her mother relative to

the old gentleman's amours, ſhe became a mutual confident, peacemaker, and adviſer in the family; which could not fail to enhance her conſequence with both parties. Add to this, that Miſs Patty poſſeſſed a large portion of cunning; and with a ſpirit bold, haughty, and overbearing, could at any time affect the meekneſs and gentleneſs of a lamb. Indeed it was ſo far lucky for her, that this ſuppleneſs and diſguiſe could be aſſumed at pleaſure; for the ſtrange whims and whirlwinds of the old gentleman's temper certainly required ſome ſuch ſubterfuge. One of his invariable practices, was to repair to certain clubs every evening, where he dedicated his convivial hours to the ſociety of his Weſt India friends and connections, from whom he ſeldom parted till very late hours, and generally as happy as rum punch could make him. On rapping furiouſly at the door, his conſtant rule was to knock down, if poſſible, the perſon who opened it: no matter whom the porter was; ſervant, wife, or daughter, were ſure to ſhare the ſame fate:

and

and notwithſtanding a moſt contrite repentance next morning, the ſame practice was repeated the ſucceeding night. 'Tis true, the danger was eaſily evaded; for, like thoſe animals of prey who ſeem to loſe all their ferocity after the firſt or ſecond unſucceſsful bound, my couſin, on lifting up his gold-headed cane, and ſtriking hard, with accompanying grunts, once or twice againſt the pavement, ſeemed as well ſatisfied, and as highly delighted with the attempt, as if he had actually knocked down a ſervant, a daughter, or a wife, at every ſtroke.

ANOTHER whim, from which he never deviated, was, that at whatever time of night he returned home, no mortal, whether domeſtic, friend, or ſtranger, were ſuffered to retire to reſt before his arrival. This was a kind of *night watch* which he eſtabliſhed in his houſe, in imitation of that formerly kept on board ſhip: and indeed, in general, his houſe may be ſaid to have been governed by rules equally ſtrict, and delivered in a tone equally arbi-

trary, as if it had been the ELIZABETH. It may well be ſuppoſed that I could not have dreamed of ſuch uncommon practices; and Miſs *Patty*, who poſſeſſed little gentleneſs or humanity of diſpoſition, and who wiſhed to break ſome jokes on the ſimplicity of one who had ſeen nothing but regularity and decorum in his father's houſe, ſtudiouſly kept me ignorant of the ſecret. The very night after my arrival, I was ſuffered to go to bed early; and about one o'clock in the morning was rouſed from a profound ſleep by one of the maids; who told me, in ſeeming terror, that the *Captain* was in a violent rage at my having gone to bed, and had ordered me to get up and appear before him inſtantly. Amazed at this inexplicable ſummons, I hurried down to the parlour, and found the old gentleman in a melancholy ſtate of intoxication, and Miſs Patty enjoying the fruits of her admirable invention.

ON my entrance, I was accoſted in the following terms: "Come here, Sir! Why, you d—d

d—d young dog, how dare you go to bed before I come home—Eh! what? do your think you are in your father's house in *the country*; where, becauſe they have nothing to amuſe them, every body goes ſtupidly to ſnore at ten o'clock—Eh! D—n my blood, Sir, if ever you preſume to go to bed before I come home, were it ſix in the morning, I'll have you tied up, you young dog!—I will—Aye!" In return to this ſpeech (the firſt of the kind I had ever heard), I aſked pardon, pleaded total ignorance of his regulations, and promiſed rigidly to obſerve them in future. All this time Miſs Patty continued laughing immoderately at my confuſion, aſtoniſhed looks, and Scotch accent; while the father, drunk as he was, diſcovered the trick, and relaxed in his ſeverity. "So you were not told that I ſhould be angry at your going to bed before I came home—Eh!"—"No indeed, Sir (ſaid I), otherwiſe I never ſhould have gone."—"Why, you little b—h how came *you* not to tell him—Eh!"—"Lard, papa! I did tell him; but the boy was

ſo ſleepy and ſtupid, he could attend to nothing."——"Pardon me, Madam! (ſaid I) you never mentioned any ſuch thing. On the contrary, you aſked me if I choſe to go to bed before I thought of it."—"What! Sir (ſaid Miſs, colouring with ſhame and reſentment), do you dare to contradict me to my face?"—"I have always been taught, Ma'am, to ſpeak truth, and vindicate myſelf when I am unjuſtly accuſed—I am doing nothing more at preſent."—"Why, here's a pretty fellow truly!—A *Scotch boy* to give himſelf ſuch airs!—But you muſt learn better manners in *this houſe*, Sir!"—"But, by G—d! he *muſt not* (ſaid the old gentleman firmly)—the boy talks as he ought to do, and I like his ſpirit—Do you go to bed, Miſs Pert, and do you ſit down, boy; I want to talk to you." Miſs went off, with a toſs of the head, muttering ſomething about Scotch pride, and Scotch poverty; and I continued above an hour in converſation with the old gentleman, who aſked me a number of queſtions relative to my father's family, preſenting

preſenting me with ſome pears, which, in the courſe of his rolls and tumbles, he had bruiſed to pieces in his pockets.

THE next day, it was evident from Miſs Patty's looks that ſhe owed me a grudge; nor was it long before ſhe took an effectual method to be revenged. In the evening, the Captain, according to cuſtom, went to one of his Punch clubs; and as we were all aſſembled in the kitchen (for Miſs Patty, with all her conſequence, diſdained not the ſociety of the maids), his well-known rap announced his arrival. Here (ſaid Miſs, putting a candle haſtily into my hand)—here, run and let in your couſin; and take care he does not hurt you." Happy at an opportunity to convince him how well I had obſerved his orders in not going to bed, I flew to the door; on opening which, my firſt ſalute was the old gentleman's cane acroſs my head, with a violence that ſtretched me ſenſeleſs on the paſſage. The maids, who had dreaded the conſequence, notwithſtanding Miſs Patty's artful

ful admonition of "*take care he does not hurt you*", haſtened after me with another candle, and diſcovered to the Captain the effects of his ſalutation. When he perceived me motionleſs and bleeding, his fears ſoon got the better of his intoxication; and, with the moſt violent agitation, deſired them to carry me into the parlour, exclaiming repeatedly—"Who deſired him to open the door? Blaſt you all in a heap! Who deſired him to open the door?" Miſs came running, with ſeeming concern, ſaying, "Lard! my dear papa! I did; and I deſired him to take care you did not hurt him: but the boy is a fool."—"You are a d——d little b—! (ſaid the old gentleman, with infinite rage) you had no buſineſs to deſire him to open the door at all, and be d——d to you. I have murdered the boy, who is worth a hundred of you, you little b—; he is!" I ſoon, however, removed thoſe dreadful apprehenſions by my recovery; which tranſported the good man ſo much, that he took me in his arms, all bloody as I was, ſaying, "My dear Charles,

Charles, I aſk you pardon. I did not know it was you, my dear boy. I took it for that dog FISHER; I did, by G—d. But why did you not keep at the back of the door, man? Eh!" On his finding, by my anſwers, that I had received no previous warning of my danger, he darted a furious look at his daughter, who ſat ſobbing, and proteſting her innocence; alleging, that in her anxiety to let her dear papa in ſoon, ſhe had abſolutely forgot that I was a ſtranger to his practice. As for me, I had not the moſt diſtant conception that any perſon could have been malicious enough to have hatched ſo wicked a ſcheme; and while the ſervants waſhed my wound, and the old gentleman expreſſed his concern at the accident, I begged of him to think no more of it, obſerving, with a ſmile, that I had often loſt ten times more blood at a boxing-match at ſchool. "Fine boy! fine boy! fine boy! (repeated the old gentleman) but, by G—d (looking at his daughter), *ſome body* ſhall ſuffer for this. I'll be d——d if they ſhan't."

I KNOW not what paſſed betwixt Miſs and her father next morning; but from that period no more tricks were played upon me by the lady; who, although ſhe behaved with civility, was never cordially attached to her Scotch couſin, notwithſtanding he loſt no opportunity to oblige her. As for her father, he became more and more fond of me daily. Some mornings after my arrival, he took me into his counting-houſe, where he tranſacted almoſt every thing himſelf; and deſiring me to copy an account current which lay on the table, went out to his uſual routine of buſineſs on the keys and wharfs; which operations he conſtantly performed immediately after breakfaſt. On his return, he was not only pleaſed, but aſtoniſhed at my writing. "Ah! by G—d, you write a fine hand, boy! Where the devil did you learn to write ſo well? Why, you young dog, you are fit for any counting-houſe in England. I wiſh my ſneaking little fellow wrote half ſo well; but, d—n my blood, *he* will never do much good." Although the old gentleman's

intentions

intentions were to bring me up to the ſea, his ſagacity pointed out to him, that acquirements ſuch as I poſſeſſed, ought not to be neglected. I was therefore put to a ſchool; the maſter of which was accounted to excel in the mode of teaching book-keeping, but particularly in penmanſhip; ſpecimens of which were diſtributed about Briſtol, and univerſally allowed to be altogether extraordinary. I continued not long, however, under his inſtructions; an occurrence happened which broke the bands between maſter and ſcholar, and which, as it tends to ſupport former precepts, and elucidate character, I ſhall here take the liberty to mention.

THE principal excellence of this wonderful penman I ſoon diſcovered was the art of painting his letters. His deſk was at the farther end of the ſchool, and placed ſo as to prevent any of his ſcholars from approaching him abruptly. He was almoſt conſtantly employed in executing ſpecimens of his incomparable art for the inſpection of the public; and no ſooner

ſooner did he perceive any of us drawing near, than he immediately ſtopt ſhort, and concealed his performance within his deſk. Suſpecting what really was the caſe, I watched an opportunity; and when he leaſt expected, perceived, before he could convey the paper out of view, part of the performance executed with a black-lead pencil, and part finiſhed in the uſual capital manner with the pen. He wrote various hands; among which was the German text, in which he conceived he excelled all mankind. As I had likewiſe attended to this character, I one day chanced to execute a ſmall ſpecimen; with which ſome of the old ſcholars were ſo much pleaſed, that they ſhewed it to the maſter. After having examined it minutely for ſome time with his glaſs (without which he never drew a ſtroke), he, with evident ill nature, addreſſed me publicly in the following terms: "Mr Macpherſon, I would adviſe you not to attempt any thing in this character till you are better inſtructed. You know nothing at all of the matter, Sir: it is entirely above your abilities,

abilities, whatever good opinion you may have of yourſelf." Abaſhed, and not a little nettled at the wantonneſs of this public attack, for having done what certainly ought to have produced a contrary behaviour, I replied, with an ironical ſneer, "Perhaps, Sir, it would have been better had it been *painted*."—"What do you mean by that, Sir (ſaid my little maſter, colouring with rage and confuſion, for ſome of the ſcholars had accompanied my retort with a loud laugh), what do you mean by that, Sir? Do you dare to inſinuate that *I* ever paint my letters? If you do, you are a *little lying raſcal*." The love of truth, which a father's invariable inſtructions and laſt words had ſo ſtrongly imprinted on my mind, joined to a conſciouſneſs of the impudent falſehood of my opponent, tranſported me beyond all bounds of prudence; and, riſing inſtantly from my ſeat, I, to the aſtoniſhment of the whole ſchool, addreſſed him in the following words: "*I do* dare to accuſe you of painting *all* your letters; and, as a proof of which, I defy you to

execute publicly before any of us, *without* painting, one line the leaſt equal to thoſe which, in that corner, you finiſh by the help of a glaſs and a black-lead pencil. You have been pleaſed to call me a *lying raſcal*. I would have you know, Sir, that I never told a lie in my life: I wiſh I could ſay as much for my preſent maſter." Having ſaid this, I threw aſide my book in a rage, and taking up my hat, walked out of the ſchool with an air of defiance, which the little man, ſtunned, and indeed ſtupified, at the *hardieſſe* of my behaviour, did not attempt to reſent.

On my return home, I briefly recounted the circumſtance to my couſin; who, inſtead of reproving me, as I expected, laughed heartily, ſaying, "Why, d—n my blood, Sir, you are a fellow of ſpirit! Eh? What? to talk in this manner to your *Maſter?* Why, I ſuppoſe, were you on board ſhip, you would talk thus to your *Captain?* Would you, you young dog, Eh?" Upon my obſerving that, except

to

to my father and neareſt relations, I would hold this language to any man upon earth who dared to call me a *lying raſcal*, he laughed immoderately, ſaying, "By the L—d, you are a lad of ſpunk. I ſee, my friend, the Captain, has inſtilled a ſufficient doſe of his *military honour* into his children: but, d—n it, it is right. We muſt not check it; nor ſhall you go back at all to that ſneaking ſon of a b—; who, if he dares to make a noiſe, I'll break his neck for him—I'll be curſed if I don't!"

At this time an intimate female friend of my father's having come from London on a viſit to my couſin, intereſted herſelf ſo much in my behalf, as to alter the old gentleman's intentions of ſending me, on my firſt voyage, to the coaſt of Africa. "Good G—d! (ſaid ſhe one day, as I was informed by the ſervants) how could you ever dream of ſending this boy, the very firſt voyage, to ſuch a horrid place as Guinea, and in ſuch an infernal employ as the ſlave trade! Why, he is altogether unqualified

for it; the delicacy of his conſtitution, the mildneſs of his temper, and the gentleneſs of his nature, could never ſtand it."—"Poh! Poh! (ſaid my couſin) the devil a mildneſs or gentleneſs is about him; he has a d——d deal of ſpirit, I can aſſure you. Why, he quarrelled with his *ſchoolmaſter* the other day for calling him a liar." And accordingly related the whole circumſtances of my ſcholaſtic rupture. "There is nothing in all you have told me, my dear Sir (ſaid the lady), that overturns what I at firſt aſſerted; the boy has been brought up with a high ſenſe of honour, and fires at the accuſation of unworthineſs. But, my dear Captain! the ſame ſpirit that feels ſo acutely, and ſpurns ſo nobly at injuſtice, will ſink under brutal oppreſſion, and human miſery. I have ſtudied that boy minutely ſince I have been in your houſe; and I repeat it again, that his nature is gentle, humane, and compaſſionate, to an extreme. It was but yeſterday (continued ſhe) that I begged of him to read to me the ſtory of INKLE and YARICO, ſo beautifully

fully told in the Spectator. Come, Charles, ſaid I, you are now about viſiting places and people where commerce and wealth are the principal objects; you ought to ſtudy eaſily every method to benefit your fortune. The ſtory of Inkle and Yarico will inſtruct you. Read it, my dear, and tell me how you like it. He inſtantly obeyed; and during his reading I watched his countenance; which indeed indicated ſtrongly the workings of thoſe paſſions which the amiable author meant to excite. When he came to the concluſion, he ſhut the book; and looking up in my face, with his eyes ſwimming in tears, ſaid, 'And is it by ſuch leſſons and examples as theſe, Madam, that you would have me better my fortune?' —And why not, Charles? ſaid I, forcing a laugh to conceal my emotions; *Yarico* was of a different colour; and blacks, you know, are bought and ſold in Africa and the Weſt Indies like horſes and oxen. After a pauſe, he ſighed, and, in the moſt emphatic manner, ſaid, 'Yes; and ſo I *ſhall*, it ſeems, *I am to*

make my fortune!". He ſtrove to conceal his emotions, which, however, ſeemed to increaſe; and, making me a bow, abruptly left the room. Indeed, my dear Captain, you *muſt* not think of ſending him to Africa. Send him (ſaid ſhe, taking him kindly by the hand), ſend him to the Weſt Indies, or any where but to that dreadful coaſt of Guinea."—"Well! Well! (ſaid the old gentleman, overcome by her perſuaſive manner) he *ſhall* go to the Weſt Indies then; but I'll be d——d if he will make half as much of it as the other."

A FEW days after, Captain H—— of the Ruby dined at my couſin's, to whom I was introduced as my future commander to Baſſeterre, St Chriſtopher's. This perſon (who was one of your gentlemen captains, and a man of excellent character) my couſin pitched upon as a kind of guide and inſtructor during my continuance on board. I was entered on the ſhip's books an ordinary ſeaman; but my birth and meſs were in the ſteerage with the officers.

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If I liked the ſea after my arrival in St Kitts, I was to continue on board the Ruby, and be advanced the next voyage; but in caſe I preferred ſtaying in the Weſt Indies, my couſin gave me letters to ſeveral of his friends, and our mutual connections in Baſſeterre, among whom was his ſon. "He is a ſilly ſneaking little fellow (ſaid he, as he gave me the letter for him); but he may be of ſervice to you if you wiſh to remain in the country."

PREVIOUS to theſe final regulations, my female friend had left Briſtol, with a view to procure for me, if poſſible, an enſigncy in the army; a line of life which, ſhe perceived, I pointed at. This, however, ſhe was obliged carefully to conceal from my couſin, as ſhe well knew his averſion to that profeſſion. We had many converſations together; all of which evinced a ſtrong and unfeigned regard on her ſide. On the evening of her departure, ſhe took me by the hand, and held the following ſhort diſcourſe: "My dear Charles! you are now about entering on a boiſterous and trying line of

of life. I do not think that nature has formed you for it; but I am confident, that the ſpirit and ſentiments you poſſeſs, will enable you to bear up firmly, and even cheerfully, againſt the little rubs and hardſhips inſeparable from the profeſſion. I wiſh to God it may be in my power to provide for you otherwiſe; and if any thing can be done, you may rely on my exertions. In the mean time, let nothing eſcape you that may induce your couſin to ſuſpect that you diſlike your preſent deſtination, or that I propoſed looking out for any other. You know he is your chief director, to whom you muſt look for future ſucceſs, and to whoſe temper and inclinations you ought to dedicate your whole attention. He is rough in his manner, as moſt men in his profeſſion are; but he is friendly, generous, and ſincere, and has really a great regard for you. I know not if I ever ſhall have the happineſs of ſeeing you again; I hope I ſhall; but in caſe I ſhould not, you muſt allow me to leave you a ſmall remembrance of one who has been your adviſer, and who will ever be your friend." Saying this, while

while the tears ſtarted in her eyes, ſhe ſlipt a green ſilk purſe into my hand; and hurrying out, ſtepped into the carriage that waited for her at the gate.

My couſin, the Captain, accompanied her as far as Bath; where ſhe was to remain ſome days before ſhe returned to London. On his coming back, he looked ſlily at me, and ſaid, "Why, boy! you are a d——d favourite with the women already; I don't know what the hell you'll be by and bye. Mrs ——— (ſaid he, turning to his daughter) did hardly any thing all the way to Bath but talk of that young dog there. Did ſhe make you any preſent, boy?"—"Yes, Sir (ſaid I), ſhe did, and I am altogether diſtreſſed at it."—"*Diſtreſſed* (ſaid the old gentleman) at what?"—"Lard, Papa (ſaid Miſs Patty), I never ſaw ſuch an unaccountable boy in my life! Mrs ——— made him a preſent of her picture ſet in gold, and twenty guineas in a green ſilk purſe, wrapped up in one of the *ſweeteſt letters*

I ever saw: and do you know, he has been quite miserable on account of the *money*, notwithstanding her having delicately marked on the envelope, '*For Sea Store.*' He talks, forsooth, of his *honour*; says he may never have an opportunity to repay the debt; considers it *charity*; and says that his father never would forgive him, if he knew he had accepted a present of money from any body. I declare (concluded Miss with a flirt of her fan) I have no patience with the ridiculous pride of these Scotchmen."—"Come, come, Miss (said the old gentleman) give us none of your fine airs. Ridiculous as this pride may appear to you, it is a d——d deal better than *meanness*. But make yourself easy, boy; there is no occasion to growl over this heavy obligation. It is only given as a mark of regard, man; it can never be considered as *charity*, for you was in no need of it. *I am* to fit you out, you dog; and I shall do it *properly*: But what do you say as to the picture, Eh? Don't you wish to return it likewise?"—"No, Sir (said I with emotion),

I wiſh to preſerve it with my life! I ſhall place it next my heart, as the deareſt token of the worth and goodneſs of the giver; nor would I part with it for thouſands!" The old boy grinned, ſhook his head, and ſaid, "I'll be d—d if you wont make rare work among the girls yet, or I am curſedly out in my reckoning."

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EVERY thing being ready for my departure, my couſin took me into his counting-room, and, for the firſt time, gave me the following ſerious admonition: "Now, my boy, you muſt mind your hits, and there is no fear of you. I have put you with a man who will take care of you; and who, on my account, wont allow you to be ill uſed, for he is an intimate friend of mine, and a d——d fine fellow. I don't know if you will like the ſea: I wiſh you may; becauſe in that caſe we can do ſomething for you. *Howsever*, don't let this confine you to what you don't like; for I have endeavoured to get a birth for you in St Kitt's among our friends there. You write a d——n good hand, and under-

underſtand accounts and book-keeping very well; ſo that if you like a clerkſhip, there is no fear of your remaining long without one. My ſon I have deſired to take ſpecial care of you. I imagine he will be happy to have you about him; he is a ſilly trifling fellow, and you may be of ſervice to him; for although he is good ten years older, I'll be curſed if he writes half as good a hand, or knows as much of book-keeping as you do. But, my dear boy Charles, all depends on yourſelf: I only put you under weigh; it reſts with you how and when you get into port. You muſt be *diligent*, *ſmart*, and *active*. Keep good company, my boy; and ſteer clear of thoſe infernal black b——s. I have given you a venture of cheeſe; in return, ſend me home ſome good coffee. D'ye hear? write to me often; and let me know if you want any thing. I'll not *forget* you, my boy; for, not to ſay any thing of my old friend and ſchoolfellow, your excellent father, I have a regard for you Charles. D—n my blood if I hav'n't!" Saying this, he ſhook me by the hand,

hand, with a convulsive affection; and, as I looked up in his face, I perceived all the rough bluntness of this warm-hearted, honest seaman, softened and melted into tenderness.

As to Miss Patty, she experienced no such emotions. She received me with the utmost composure; and as the two maids stood blubbering in the passage, laughed heartily at them, and even chid them for their *ridiculous folly*, as she was pleased to term it. I had almost forgot to mention, that, a few days before my departure, I received a letter from my London benefactress, regretting, in the most expressive terms, her inability to procure the ensigncy, and pouring out her whole heart in prayers for my prosperity. Excellent mortal! it was the last favour I ever received from her. In less than a twelvemonth after my arrival in the West Indies, I received from my father an account of her death: a circumstance which at that time affected me sensibly; and even at this moment, while I contemplate the benign

features of a picture which, for thirty years, has literally been '*next my heart,*' I cannot help paying a tribute to virtues which, in the morn of life, watched over artless innocence, and smoothed the destined path of trials to that of ease and tranquillity!'

On my repairing aboard the Ruby (which was a letter of marque), I found that my cousin had made ample provision for my comfort. Captain H——— likewise paid every attention he could bestow, on one whom it was necessary to impress with a proper sense of his station. Under colour of my writing so fine a hand, he had me daily in the cabin to keep his journal, on which occasions I generally breakfasted with him and the cabin passengers. Every other part of duty, however, belonging to the ship, I was obliged to perform with the rest of the sailors; who never failed to crack their jokes on '*my straight head of hair*', the modesty of my demeanour, and the delicacy of my complexion: Swearing, that I was more like a

woman-

woman than any thing elſe, and that they would have me overhauled. I nevertheleſs bore their gibes with good humour, and entered into all their ſea fun with cheerfulneſs. My meſſmates, the ſecond mate, carpenter, gunner, and cooper, became fonder of me every day; and boldly prognoſticated that, before the end of the voyage, I ſhould be as good a ſeaman as ever ſtepped between ſtem and ſtern—But they were miſtaken! NATURE, in ſpite of a cheerful temper and willing mind, ſtill recoiled from ſcenes, which preſented nothing but a rugged ſurface, and an aſſociation rude, boiſterous, and obſcene. She ſtill ſighed (though unknown to me) for the *dulce otium* of literature; for thoſe haunts of peacefulneſs and quiet, ſo congenial to certain minds; thoſe aſſociations which afford wit, ſentiment, and humour; thoſe endearing intercourſes which inſpire delicacy, ſenſibility, and love! I had, therefore, no ſooner arrived at St Chriſtopher's, ſeen my little couſin on board, and received a preſſing invitation to live with him, than I left the Ru-

by, and haſtened on ſhore with a tranſport not to be deſcribed On my repairing to his ſtore, I found aſſembled a number of thoſe relations to whom I had brought letters from the old gentleman at Briſtol; all of whom received me with much affection, and were pleaſed to ſay ſome very flattering things of my appearance. "*Och hoich!* (ſaid an elderly Highland gentleman, who was a relation, and of the ſame name) Och hoich! but he is like his *faither*! It is now upwards of twenty years ſince I ſaw the *Captain*—He was then the handſomeſt man I ever beheld. I ſhould have kent that laddie to have been related to the family of ———, had I met him on the tap of Brimſtone hill."

I HAD not been long at St Chriſtopher's, till I experienced the truth of the old gentleman's obſervations with reſpect to his ſon's character. To an extreme ignorance in buſineſs, he poſſeſſed an overweening vanity and conceit, which rejected all admonition; the general attendants of weak minds. Joined to this, he was a ſchemer without

without a head to plan; and a projector, without the power to bring his projects into action; and while he grasped eagerly at every expedient to accumulate wealth, the imbecility of his intellects eternally subjected him to unnecessary expences and difficulties to extricate himself from which, he had often recourse to a species of meanness and injustice, which procured him the merited contempt and censure of his fellow-citizens. Without one idea relative to commerce or nautical operations, this strange creature possessed a kind of *rage* for purchasing old crazy vessels, or such as were out of repair, merely on account of a *bargain*. These, while they drained him of every shilling he could collect, before they could be put into serviceable condition, generally turned out to no account at the end; and while this constant folly precluded regular remittances to his father, it subjected him to a multitude of actions for the recovery of debts incurred on the spot; which,

it may well be ſuppoſed, muſt have added conſiderably to his embarraſſment.

In about nine months after my arrival, he found it neceſſary to reviſit Britain to appeaſe the old gentleman's reſentment, which, from repeated letters, ſeemed to be great. Preparing therefore, in the beſt way he could, for an interview which he dreaded exceedingly, he addreſſed me one day in private on the ſubject; telling me, how much he had my intereſt at heart, and how much he would rejoice at my future proſperity: That his intentions were to take me into partnerſhip at a proper period; but that, previous to this ſtep, it became neceſſary for him to go home, in order to procure a proper aſſortment of goods for market; and that, in the interim, it was highly proper I ſhould obtain a thorough knowledge of buſineſs in that country, ſo as to qualify myſelf for executing my part on his return: That with this view, he had luckily procured for me a moſt deſirable ſituation with a gentleman of Baſsterre,

Baſterfield, who had lately eſtabliſhed himſelf in the mercantile line advantageouſly in Guadaloupe, whether he had juſt gone to regulate matters previous to the arrival of his wife and family, who were ſhortly to follow: That this gentleman was eminent for his knowledge and abilities in buſineſs; underſtood the French language perfectly; and had agreed to take me for three years, with a ſalary of L. 70 the firſt year, to be increaſed L. 10 annually, and every thing elſe provided: That on his (my couſin's) arrival in Briſtol, he ſhould make it his buſineſs to mention me in the moſt favourable manner to his father, to whom he adviſed me to write; and that, by the time I was coverſant in commercial tranſactions, he made little doubt of obtaining his father's conſent to my having a ſhare in the buſineſs. All this was very flattering; and, as it may well be imagined, very agreeable to a youth of fifteen; who, independent of a ſtrong propenſity to ſee new ſcenes and new faces, naturally looked forward to a ſituation that ultimately promiſed reſpec-

reſpectability. It was, however, as I afterwards experienced, nothing more than a fine ſtory, fabricated to pleaſe, and to induce me to write home favourably to the old gentleman; who, it ſeems, had repeatedly enjoined his ſon, by letter, to pay every attention to my intereſt; and, rather than leave me unprovided, to bring me home with him.

As ſoon as an opportunity offered, I embarked on board of a ſmall veſſel; which, after having touched at Nevis, Montſerrat, St Vincent's, and Dominica, arrived at *Port Louis*, Grandterre, the deſtined ſpot of my reſidence. On repairing to Mr Penguin's ſtore (for that was the name of my employer), I found a tall, thin, genteel, young man, about the age of twenty-four, writing behind a counter, in company with another, who appeared ſome years younger, both dreſſed in linen waiſtcoats and holland night-caps. Having announced myſelf, Mr Penguin, with more ſupercilioufneſs, I thought, than civility, ſaid, he was glad to ſee

me

me *at laſt*, for that he had given me up for loſt. "This is Mr Garvie (ſaid he) your fellow clerk, a particular friend of mine; he is acquainted with the nature of my buſineſs here, and will direct you how to act. I am told you write a fine hand; pray, was it in *Scotland* you learnt to write?"—"Yes, Sir (ſaid I), it was there I received the principal part of my education."—"O ho! (ſaid he, giving a ſignificant look to Garvie) I believe every body is well educated that comes from that country—Are they not?"—"I never underſtood ſo, Sir (ſaid I): gentlemens ſons generally are."—"O, they are? Eh? and I ſuppoſe you are a gentleman's ſon—an't you?"—"I have always been taught to think ſo, Sir."—"Your father is a *laird*, I ſuppoſe." This elegant ſtroke of wit and good breeding, to a modeſt youth, on his firſt appearance, produced an immoderate laugh from his friend Garvie; which encouraged Mr Penguin to purſue his inquiries thus: "So he is not a laird then?"—"No, Sir (ſaid I), my father's life has been chiefly ſpent in the army."

army."—"And he finds it neceſſary, I ſuppoſe, to ſend his ſon from poverty at home to make a fortune among his countrymen in the Weſt Indies?"—"My coming to this country was no act of my father's, Sir; it was my couſin Captain ——— in Briſtol that regulated that matter."—"Aye! aye! (ſaid this polite gentleman) *your couſins*, and your *couſins-german*, your uncles, your aunts, and all the tribe of needy adventurers beyond the Tweed, will land in this devoted country at laſt. D—n my blood! if I don't believe that, in leſs than twenty years, Scotchmen will root out every other inhabitant in the Weſt Indies!" So ſaying, he left the room to tranſact ſome neceſſary buſineſs abroad, leaving me impreſſed with no very favourable bodings of my future comforts with ſuch an employer.

GARVIE (who was a good-natured pleaſant laughing fellow) took an immediate opportunity to apologiſe for Mr Penguin's rudeneſs, and to relieve me from a confuſion and ſurpriſe

priſe which, I dare ſay, my countenance ſtrongly indicated. "You muſt not be hurt at Mr Penguin's behaviour (ſaid he). He likes a joke, and ſometimes carries it too far; but I believe, on the whole, it proceeds more from a deſign to try peoples temper than from any thing elſe. 'Tis true, he hates your countrymen, as the greateſt part of us Weſt Indians do; and it is not once or twice, but repeatedly, that he has got himſelf into aukward predicaments from his talking too freely of their *poverty*, *pride*, *cunning*, and *fawning ſervility*. You muſt lay your account with receiving rubs daily: but, I flatter myſelf, you will think nothing of it; for depend on it, that the more you ſeem to feel, the more you will receive. Mr Penguin's temper is far from being good; he is both paſſionate and revengeful: and you know, ſince people are obliged to live together, as we do, it is better to wink at a number of things than quarrel. With all his faults, he is friendly; and where he takes an attachment, will go great lengths to ſerve—*even a Scotchman.*

man. He has got a ſweet young woman for a wife; to whom he has been married about a twelvemonth. He is fond of her to diſtraction; and *ſo jealous*, that a man can hardly ſay or do a civil thing to her but he is ſeized with a kind of madneſs. He will be jealous of *you* (ſaid Garvie laughing), as ſure as death."—"Jealous of *me!* (ſaid I, bluſhing exceſſively) what ſhould make him jealous of me, pray?" Why I don't know (ſaid Garvie ſlyly); that pretty blooming face of yours ought to do execution among the ladies; and Penguin is jealous of all handſome fellows. But I muſt make you acquainted with ſome of our French girls. They will charm you with their vivacity, and ſoon cure you of that bluſhing modeſty of yours. You can't conceive how engaging they are: they are as ſuperior to our St Kitt's girls as a mulatto wench is to a negreſs.

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THIS ſhort hiſtory, which Garvie gave me, of a man with whom I was likely to live for ſome years, was of ſome ſervice. I eaſily foreſaw

ſaw that I had a difficult game to play, and conſequently that much would depend on my own conduct; that an unremittiug attention to buſineſs, and a cheerful compliance with what was my duty, were the moſt likely means to acquire a proficiency in the profeſſion of a merchant, and, at the ſame time, prevent any aſperity or harſhneſs from a perſon of Mr Penguin's temper. I therefore determined to give cloſe application; and as nothing was more eſſential than a knowledge of the language generally ſpoken by the inhabitants of the iſland, my firſt ambition was to make myſelf maſter of the French tongue as quickly as poſſible.

In about three months Mrs Penguin arrived from St Chriſtopher's, where ſhe had been detained on account of the delivery of her firſt born. This young woman was not above ſixteen when ſhe married, and notwithſtanding her Creolian carriage and wan complexion, might be accounted handſome. She, indeed, like moſt of the Weſt Indian ladies,

who have not received the advantages of a home education, was extremely ignorant and deficient in polite accompliſhments; but, to a great ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, there was joined a certain ſoft expreſſive languor, ſo peculiar to the female inhabitants of theſe climes, which rendered her not only intereſting, but attractive.

A SHORT time after her arrival, I was ſeized with one of thoſe fevers that are incident to the climate, and which had very nearly carried me off. During my illneſs and recovery, ſhe attended me with a care and tenderneſs which could not fail to produce gratitude on my part; although I eaſily perceived it occaſioned very different ſenſations in her huſband. One day as ſhe ſat on the ſide of my bed, and adminiſtered ſome cordial, which ſhe had prepared herſelf, Mr Penguin ſuddenly came into the room, and, with one of his dreadful looks of dark revenge, ordered her immediately to get up. Upon their retiring to the adjoining room, I could diſtinctly overhear him reprehend her ſharply for dedicating

dedicating ſo much of her time to my recovery; concluding with a "G—d d—n me, Madam! has he not a doctor to attend him? What the devil buſineſs have *you* with him?"—"Good God! Mr Penguin (ſaid this good creature), how can you talk ſo! would you have me allow the poor young man to periſh for want of ſuſtenance!—The doctor has ordered ſuch and ſuch nouriſhment for him; would it not be barbarous in me not to adminiſter it, and do every thing in my power to recover a fellow-creature, juſt ſnatched from the brink of the grave; ſtill more, one whom all the town ſeem intereſted about, and whom, for gentleneſs and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition"—"D—n your ſweetneſs and gentleneſs (exclaimed this tender huſband in a rage), if you talk any ſuch ſtuff to me again, by G—d I'll break your neck!" Saying this, he flung out of the room, leaving me totally confounded at a language which I conceived impoſſible to eſcape from one whom the world called a kind and an affectionate huſband.

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In about an hour after, Mrs Penguin came into my room, and, ſeating herſelf by me, kindly enquired after my health, and propoſed ſome more nouriſhment. I perceived, by her eyes, that ſhe had been in tears; and dreading a ſecond viſit from her tyrant, I, with as much eagerneſs as my languid ſtate would permit, begged of her not to give herſelf ſo much trouble on my account. "The Negroes (ſaid I), Madam, are ſufficiently qualified to attend me. I am greatly better; nor is there the leaſt occaſion for a continuance of that kind attention, which I ſhall ever remember with gratitude." The emotion with which I uttered this addreſs, convinced her that I was no ſtranger to what had juſt paſſed between her and her huſband. "You have heard, then, what paſſed in the next room (ſaid ſhe, with a moſt afflicted look). But I don't care; he ſhall never make me inhuman, let him do what he will. He can but beat me; and that (ſaid ſhe, with a deep ſigh) is nothing new."

AFTER ſhe was gone, I was ruminating on the ſtrange paradox of *a fond huſband beating his wife*, when Garvie, who never failed to come and ſit an hour or two with me after the ſtore was ſhut, entered the room, and began to talk about the occurrences of the day. In the courſe of our converſation, I took an opportunity to relate what had paſſed between Mr and Mrs Penguin, and to enquire if he had ever heard of the circumſtance which at that time filled me with ſo much aſtoniſhment. He anſwered in the negative, and ſeemed extremely ſhocked at my information. "But did not I tell you (ſaid he) that Penguin would be jealous of you? I knew it, by heavens! (continued he, rubbing his hands and laughing immoderately) Why, man, all this has proceeded from nothing but ſtark-ſtaring mad *jealouſy*. By Jove, you are a pretty fellow, an't you? to breed ſuch a diſturbance between man and wife. We ſhall have rare work by and bye, I ſee that. You and Penguin, I ſuppoſe, as ſoon as you are able to hold a piſtol, will be fight-

ing a duel."—"This is a very diverting ſubject (ſaid I, Mr Garvie, gravely); but I ſhould be glad to know what it is you really mean? *Jealous!* (exclaimed I) Of whom? of a poor ſick emaciated creature, juſt eſcaped from the jaws of death? Is that an object of jealouſy?"—"O, I don't mean (ſaid Garvie) that Penguin is abſolutely *born mad:* but he is ſo fond of that woman——"—"That he *beats her*" (ſaid I).—"Well! be that as it may (ſaid Garvie), he is ſo fond of her and of his dear ſelf, that he cannot bear to ſee her beſtow the ſmalleſt marks of kindneſs or attention on any other man. Now, you are ſuch a curſed favourite with the women——"—"Poh! Poh! Garvie (ſaid I), have done with your nonſenſe."—"O, you are deviliſh ſly, Mr Macpherſon; but for all your pretended modeſty, you know it as well as I. Pray, Sir (ſaid he, with a very ſignificant look), how many meſſages have you had to-day inquiring after your health?"—"Why, ſeveral (ſaid I). There is ſurely nothing in that? Is it not natural for neighbours

neighbours to inquire after the recovery of one who has been ſo dangerouſly ill?"—"Yes! yes! (ſaid Garvie) and it is very natural, too, for *young ladies* to write billets doux to young gentlemen they are fond of. That muſt have been a very ſweet one from Madamoiſelle Antoinnette? Eh? Nay, there is no occaſion to bluſh, Mac: ſhe is really a ſweet girl; and, I believe, loves you as much as ever a French woman loved an Engliſhman." So ſaying, he left me to paſs one of the moſt diſagreeable nights I ever experienced.

MR PENGUIN, who commonly ſpent his evenings in the tavern playing for nips of punch at backgammon, did not return till after the uſual time of ſupper. Mrs Penguin had again viſited me before I went to reſt; and, according to invariable cuſtom, had given me ſome ſago or panado with her own hands. I had dropt into a refreſhing ſleep, when I was awakened by repeated ſhrieks from Mrs Penguin's chamber; which, in a ſhort time, ended in

in groans, ſobs, and lamentations. As the room was ſeparated from mine only by a thin deal partition, I could diſtinctly hear Penguin ſay, with a kind of ſmothered rage, "Hold your tongue, d—n you!—hold your tongue, or I'll murder you." I never remember to have had my feelings more completely awakened; and had the ſhrieks continued, I firmly believe, weak as I was, I ſhould have ſtarted from my ſickbed, and ruſhed into Mrs Penguin's chamber.

THE perturbation of my mind kept me awake till near morning, when wearied nature ſunk into a ſlumber; in which I continued till an old Negro woman (inſtead of Mrs Penguin) came into my room with breakfaſt. "How does your miſtreſs do, Hannah" (ſaid I)?—"Bad enough, Maſſa; bad enough."—"Where is ſhe" (ſaid I)?—"In ha bed, Maſſa. Heh! Some you Boccra bad too much. Dem de talk of poor Nega (muttered the old lady to herſelf). Damme! Bocera worſe na Nega! Blackman,

man no pinch kin ſo. Pinch te—e—e—: Shaw! (exclaimed old Hannah, ſpitting as ſhe went out) De dam ſhame! Boccra no good!"

It was eaſy to gather from Hannah's hints and exclamations what pretty work had taken place the preceding night. The gentleman, according to cuſtom after theſe nocturnal exploits, had rode into the country, under the pretence of collecting outſtanding debts; for when the fury of his paſſions ſubſided, he was always ready to cut his throat in the morning; and ſo aſhamed of his conduct, as to be unable to look the poor injured victim of his barbarity in the face. About noon Mrs Penguin got up; and entering my chamber, in a faint voice aſked kindly after my health, and how I had ſlept during the night. "It has been the worſt night I have experienced for a long time" (ſaid I).—"I am heartily ſorry for it" (ſaid ſhe). I have not had a good one myſelf."—"No, I believe not, Madam (ſaid I); and the badneſs of yours has been the cauſe of mine."

mine."—"God bleſs me! But you could not but hear me (ſaid the poor girl, recollecting herſelf). Yet I could not help it, otherwiſe I am ſure I would not have diſturbed you for the whole world."—"Your diſturbing me from a few hours reſt (ſaid I), Mrs Penguin, was nothing, compared with the horror I felt at hearing your diſtreſs; had it continued longer, I certainly, weak as I am, would have attempted ſomething deſperate to have reliſved you."—"For God Almighty's ſake, my dear young friend (ſaid ſhe, ſeating herſelf by me, and ſeizing my hand with evident emotion), make no ſuch attempts as theſe! Mr Penguin is a very extraordinary man; and, with all his unhappy temper, loves me to diſtraction. It is this love, which indeed ſometimes borders on madneſs, that prompts him to uſe me ſo unkindly. Come (ſaid ſhe, with a languid ſmile), I will keep from you no longer what it is impoſſible to conceal from any perſon who lives in the ſame houſe with us. Mr Penguin is jealous of every mortal to whom I

ſhew

ſhew the leaſt attention; he wants to engroſs the whole to himſelf: and ſo extremely unreaſonable and childiſh is he in this reſpect, that even the little attentions I have ſhown to you on a ſickbed, have not only offended, but enraged him. You, I believe, overheard what paſſed between us yeſterday afternoon; and laſt night, on his returning from the tavern, and going to bed, he renewed a ſubject, which I could not hear with patience. We had ſome converſation, which it is needleſs to relate, the conſequence of which was what you heard."

EVERY day adding to the re-eſtabliſhment of my health, I was in a ſhort time enabled to viſit my French friends, who all ſeemed to rejoice at ſeeing me abroad again. Madamoiſelle Antoinnette, who, to uſe Mr Garvie's expreſſion, was really a ſweet girl, received me with apparent ſatisfaction, although, I thought, with leſs livelineſs than uſual. A tranſient bluſh paſſed acroſs her face as ſhe gave me her hand, ſaying, with a ſmile of infinite ſweetneſs,

" *Nous*

"*Nous ſommes heureux de vous voir en vie encore, Monſieur.* We never expected to have ſeen you again: the accounts we received were truly alarming; and you know, Monſieur, it was natural for friends and neighbours, ſuch as us, to think often of you. My mother, poor ſoul, who loves you as her own ſon, could not allow one day to paſs without enquiring after you. *Mais, mon Dieu!* (ſaid ſhe, looking in my face) *quelle change! vos roſes, Monſieur, ſont touts evanouis!*"—"They will ſoon return (ſaid I), Madamoiſelle. A few weeks of your ſunſhine will make them blow again." Her mother then joining us, inquired particularly after the ſtate of my health, and adviſed me ſtrongly to go for ſome weeks to the country. "*Tu eſt mieux ſans doute* (ſaid ſhe, with a tender ſolicitude); *mais, mon cher enfant! tu eſt tres foible!* The heats of the town are too great for a ſpeedy recovery; it muſt be the refreſhing breezes of the mountains that muſt brace you up, and re-eſtabliſh your health effectually. We go to our country-houſe in a day

day or two (continued she); and I am sure I need not tell Monsieur that it is at all times open for him. Come (said she, taking my hand), what say you, my young friend? I will speak to Monsieur Penguin myself; who, I am sure, cannot refuse so reasonable a requeſt. Perhaps (added she) *Madame* Penguin would have no objection to accompany you. Do you think she would, Monsieur?" I know not whether it proceeded from a slyness which I thought I perceived in Madame Bellanger's look as she put the last question; or from the recent domestic events which had agitated our family; or from the broad grin that played on Garvie's countenance; or all these circumstances conjoined;—but I felt the blood mount up to my cheeks: and so completely discomposed was my mind, that a manifeſt confusion accompanied all my words and actions. Mademoiselle Antoinnette, who observed every change with the eye of an hawk, seemed not a little discomposed on her part. "*Mon Dieu!* (exclaimed she) why, Monsieur, your *roses* seem

to return without any ſunſhine at all." Garvie's long and immoderate laugh gave me time to recollect myſelf ſo far as to obſerve, that Madame Bellanger's extreme goodneſs had affected me ſenſibly, and was a circumſtance the moſt agreeable to me that could poſſibly happen. I felt myſelf doubly called upon to return her my grateful acknowledgments——" "Which circumſtance do you mean, Monſieur (ſaid the lively Antoinnette), that of going to the country, or *Madame Penguin's* accompanying you?"—"Upon my ſoul (ſaid I), Mademoiſelle Antoinnette, it is aſtoniſhing to me how you can poſſibly aſk the queſtion."—"*O, peutetre!*" (ſaid Antoinnette).

In our way home, I queſtioned Garvie as to his having blabbed any thing relative to Penguin's late conduct; who declared poſitively, that not the ſmalleſt circumſtance had tranſpired through him. "And what made you laugh ſo ridiculouſly (ſaid I)?"—"Why, at your *countenance* (ſaid Garvie), which, during Madame

dame Bellanger's addreſs, underwent changes, which, to me who underſtood the cauſe, was truly ludicrous. But, by heavens! Mr Mac (ſaid he), you have awakened ſuſpicions in Mademoiſelle Antoinnette! Should you go to the country, and ſhould Mr Penguin agree to his wife's accompanying you (which I confeſs I do not expect), I'll be hanged if Mademoiſelle does not watch you, my boy!" —"She may watch as much as ſhe pleaſes (ſaid I), ſhe can detect nothing. But do you think Mr Penguin will agree to my going?"—"He cannot reaſonably refuſe it (ſaid Garvie), otherwiſe I have no doubt of his denial; for he is a ſtrange unfeeling fellow, and ſickens at every attention paid to any but himſelf—But we ſhall ſoon ſee: Madame Bellanger will wait on him to-morrow, and, I have no doubt, will plead her cauſe powerfully."

DURING the remaining part of the evening I took an opportunity to open the country jaunt to Mrs Penguin, who ſeemed delighted with

pauvre garçon! En verité, Monſieur Penguin, il faut envoyer ce jeune homme à la campagne pour quelque tems. It is impoſſible he can recover in this burning oven; ſome weeks in the country would effectually reſtore him."—"*Some weeks* in the country, Madame! (exclaimed Penguin, with a ſtare) upon my honour *you ladies* have a pretty method of diſpoſing of our ſick young men. Do you really think (ſaid he, laughing at the extraordinary requeſt), do you really think that we have nothing elſe to do with our clerks, Madame, than to ſend them ſcampering into the country for weeks together every time they are ſeized with a Guadaloupe fever?"—"Fie! fie! Monſieur Penguin, fie! fie! (ſaid the good woman, with emotion) how can you talk in this unfeeling manner? A young creature juſt eſcaped from the grave, and reduced to a mere ſpectre, not to receive *every* aſſiſtance to eſtabliſh his recovery that the place can afford! He is in a ſtrange land, *pauvre enfant*, (ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh); far removed from the kind attentions

and

and parental care of thoſe whom he has left behind. Muſt he therefore ſuffer in a land of ſtrangers for want of proper aſſiſtance? *Non*, Monſieur, *nous ſommes François* et *ſans doute ſouvent vos ennemis*. But we are not the enemies, Monſieur, of the afflicted, the weak, or the broken hearted." The doctor at this moment coming in, the matter was ſoon determined in my favour. "Very well (ſaid Penguin, with a ſurly conſent), ſince you think, Doctor, that the country air is ſo *very* neceſſary, I have no objection to his trying it for a *week*. But where is he to go, Madame?"—"*Chez moi*, Monſieur (ſaid ſhe eagerly, taking him by the hand, and thanking him for his acquieſcence), to my houſe à la CACHE; *Mais ou eſt* Madame Penguin? I have not ſeen her for a long time; I muſt have a little chit-chat with her before I go to the country, for I ſhall not return ſoon." So ſaying, Penguin handed her up ſtairs, leaving me not a little delighted with the ſucceſs of her negociations.

MADAME

MADAME BELLANGER continued above an hour with Mrs Penguin; and in paſſing through the ſtore, on her departure, waved her hand to me, haſtily ſaying, "*La, tout eſt reglé. Soyez pret, mon enfant, demain à dix heure de matin.*" Antoinnette allowed Mr Penguin to hand her mother *across* the ſtreet before ſhe left the ſtore; and tripping up to the counter where I was, with much archneſs whiſpered, "Et *Madame Penguin nous accompagne. Eh! Ou ſont vos rôſes aujourdhui?*" So ſaying, ſhe run off laughing at my ſurprife; not altogether, I believe, unmixed with the *roſes*. "Charming girl (ſaid Garvie)! Curſe me, Mac, if I don't envy you! This jaunt to the country is worth *fifty fevers*. But hang me if I am not among you next Sunday, if a horſe, a mule, or an aſs, is to be procured in the place." "But, Good God! (interrupted I) is it poſſible Mrs Penguin is to go?"—"O, no! (ſaid Garvie) it is all a ſcheme of Mademoiſelle's to try your countenance." We had no time for farther converſation. Penguin entered the ſtore; and, from

from the ſmiles that played on his dark brow, it was evident that ſomething had given him pleaſure.

At dinner nothing material paſſed; but at ſupper every thing went on with unuſual attention and affection on Penguin's part. "You will paſs your time moſt agreeably in the country, my love, for a few days" (ſaid he). The French, with all their d——d inſincerity, are attentive and polite to a fault; and Madame Bellanger is a woman of the firſt breeding and faſhion. I believe, if ever a Frenchwoman had truth and worth, ſhe has both."—"She is indeed a charming creature (ſaid Mrs Penguin); and ſeems to poſſeſs the art of pleaſing every body ſhe converſes with."—"Yes (ſaid Penguin), ſhe has the happieſt way of complimenting, I think, I ever met with. She paid me ſo many to-day, my dear, on account of my affections as a huſband and a father, and told ſo many anecdotes of what the French ladies ſaid of me, that I was almoſt out

of

of countenance." (I wonder, thought I to myſelf, that you are not ſo at this moment.) "But don't you learn any of their abominable naſty French cuſtoms (continued he). With all their politeneſs and fuſs, they are in many reſpects ſhockingly diſguſting."—"Lord! (ſaid Mrs Penguin) *in what*, my dear?"—"O, in a number of inſtances (ſaid Penguin). What do you think of their curſed *lavements*? By G—d! it is enough to turn an Engliſhman's ſtomach to walk the ſtreets of this town a little before dinner time, and ſee every window ornamented with a Negro wench flouriſhing a pipe; which, we all know, ſhe is preparing for her miſtreſs. But why ſhould I talk of Negro girls? (ſaid Penguin) when the very miſtreſs herſelf will deſcend from her bedchamber a few minutes before ſhe ſits down to table, and, in the hearing of all her gueſts, were they five hundred, expatiate on the coolneſs and comfort ſhe experiences from her having juſt taken a *lavement*."—"And pray, my dear (ſaid Mrs Penguin, with infinite ſimplicity), what is a

lave-

luxement?"—"O, by heavens! you will soon know that (said her husband), before you are forty-eight hours in Madame Bellanger's house. But, independent of these customs (continued this hater of French manners), the behaviour of the women, particularly the married ones, before men, is scandalous to a degree. I have seen such liberties permitted, and have heard such indecent *double entendres* uttered by these polite ladies, as would have disgraced a kept mistress. I don't indeed believe that they are as bad they appear to be; but, in the eye of an Englishman, their behaviour resembles more that of prostitutes than of modest women. You must take care of yourself, young gentleman (said he, turning to me); the French girls will corrupt that modesty of yours, else——"—"I have perceived nothing hitherto to alarm me, Sir (said I). The French women are indeed lively, but I have seen nothing that borders on indecency."—"No? then you have seen very little of them indeed. But you must not draw conclusions from a *Mademoiselle Antoinnette*,

who

who is certainly an exception." Beſides (ſaid he, giving a ſignificant look to Garvie), girls *in love* are not ſo apt to be forward when in company with thoſe they admire." Till the age of thirty and upwards, I was ſo incapable of preſerving the leaſt command of countenance, when any thing arch was ſaid to me in company, that the moſt trifling hint, accompanied by a laugh at my expence, would immediately light up my face into a flame. An alarm void of guilt, a ſtring that continued to vibrate at the gentleſt touch, eternally diſcompoſed me, even in the hour of pleaſure; and, from time to time, daſhed the cup of happineſs from my lip. It is therefore almoſt needleſs to mention, that Penguin's obſervation and look, accompanied with Garvie's loud laugh, threw me into utter confuſion. I was ſo vexed, however, at the circumſtance, that I could not avoid ſaying, rather tartly, as I roſe from table, "This is ſome of Mr Garvie's nonſenſe, I ſuppoſe; who pretends to perceive what no body elſe can."

By the appointed time, next morning, Madame Bellanger's carriage and ſervants attended to carry Mrs Penguin, her child, and me, to the country; and ſo attentive was this polite and truly humane woman, that ſhe inſiſted on *le pauvre malade* taking the vacant ſeat in the carriage, on account of the heat, while ſhe and her daughter proceeded on horſeback to *la Cache*. This delightful ſpot was about ten miles diſtant from Port Louis, and ſituated the moſt advantageouſly for the full enjoyment of the beautiful, the romantic, and the ſublime. But as it may not be improper to ſay ſomething of the proprietors, before we proceed to a deſcription of the property, I ſhall take the liberty to give a ſhort hiſtory of Madame Bellanger, her family, and connections; which, during our reſidence at la Cache, I had from her own mouth.

One evening, as we were all ſeated on the ſloping bank of a plantain walk, enjoying the refreſhing coolneſs of the ſhade, and liſtening

to the mingled hum of insect, bird, and distant labour, the conversation accidentally turned on a comparison between *European* and *West Indian* scenery. The absence of the fervent heats of the day, the grateful return of the land breeze, which began to undulate gently the leaves of the waving plantain; the murmur of the stream that babbled by our side; and the fresh fragrance of the various fruits, which spontaneously hung clustering around us—all conspired to dispose the mind to enjoy the scene, and produce an eulogium on the superior beauties of a tropical landscape. In the midst of these encomiums, Madame Bellanger, after having lifted some time, sighed, and with more emotion than usually accompanied her mildness of demeanour, exclaimed, "*Ah! ma chere Patrie!* O my dear country! when, when shall I behold you again!" The nature and manner of this unexpected exclamation, naturally arrested our attention, and induced us to enquire into the cause. "My dear children (said she), you have been admiring the beauties of present

present objects, while I have been ruminating on those that are gone. The days which shed a sunshine on youthful pleasures have long since passed away; and those who added a charm to every enjoyment are now mingled with the dust! Our present situation naturally recalled to my mind a train of circumstances, which I have long endeavoured to forget; for a life chequered with a variety of shades yields little pleasure on reflection. "A woman turned of forty, Madame Benguin (said she with a smile), experiences little consolation on a retrospect of past events, when every man of gallantry praised her beauty, and every woman of fashion courted her smiles"—"Lord! my dear Mamma (said Antoinnette) I you have often promised to gratify my curiosity by recounting the most material circumstances of your life. The present opportunity is most favourable. Do, pray, indulge me. Monsieur and Madame, I am sure, will take it kind."—"If a variety of unfortunate events, interesting only to the person who experienced them, can afford any

pleaſure on recital (ſaid Madame Bellanger), you are heartily welcome to them; and ſince I am convinced they cannot fail to yield *inſtruction*, I will not withhold them."

THE HISTORY OF

MADAME BELLANGER.

THE early part of my life I need not trouble you with. As the only daughter of the Count de V——, I received an education ſuited to the rank of an old and an illuſtrious family; and at the age of eighteen was accounted (with what juſtice I ſhall not ſay) one of the moſt accompliſhed young women of my time. About this period, a crowd of ſuitors, while they teazed me with their profeſſions of love, flattered my vanity with their aſſiduities. We all love attention, Madame Pengain; and while our hearts remain inſenſible to tender impreſſions, they ſtill leap and flutter to the ſound of *conqueſt*. For my own part,

part, I freely confess, that during three years residence among the most fashionable circles in Paris, I experienced nothing but the love of admiration; and, notwithstanding the joint solicitations of my father and mother to accept of some very advantageous offers, I continued to reject every proposal of marriage till we quitted the metropolis entirely, and retired to our calm and peaceful retreat in the country.

Here, however, a train of emotions took place, which I fancy we may venture to pronounce the most favourable to strong and lasting impressions. There is something in the very air of rural retirement that disposes the mind to reflection. The incessant whirl of city amusement, where every thing rational, sensible, and exemplary, yields to a giddy and unthinking enjoyment, forms a kind of mental vacuum, where nothing either essentially elegant, or substantially instructive, can exist. Impressions and ideas, like light substances, continually float in air; and as the breeze of folly

or the guſt of diſſipation arrives, flutter and diſperſe, unnoticed and uncollected. In the country, on the contrary, every object tends to inſpire the mind with ſolemn muſing, and rational delight. The ſucceſſion of ſeaſons naturally reminds us of human life; the moſt important and ſerious object of our concern. The varied and ſucceeding charms of nature recal to our conſtant remembrance the power, beneficence, and wiſdom, of HIM, whoſe hand ſcatters ſuch beauty and plenty around us. When *Spring* burſts forth in bloſſoms and in verdure, what proper mind feels not the impreſſion of YOUTH's gay morn? When *Summer*, cloathed in her umbrageous foreſts, gives ſhelter and ſecrecy to her wooing ſongſters, who feels not the impreſſion of *love!* Even amidſt the ſober charms of *Autumn*, when luxuriant Nature has executed her taſk, and a milder luſtre ſoftens the ſcene, who thinks not of that endearing period, when, cured of our tumultuous joys, and all the impetuous paſſions of our youth, connubial felicity, with the objects

jects of our affection, and ſocial intercourſe with the friends of our choice, mellow and mature our enjoyment. It was amidſt ſcenes like theſe, and with impreſſions ſuch as I have deſcribed (ſaid Madame Bellanger with a ſigh), that I firſt loſt a reliſh for the inſipid gaieties of a town; and it was here, alas! where a mind, emancipated from pleaſure, and ſoftened by reflection, firſt felt the true and genuine influence of love!

I HAD been about a twelvemonth at our venerable and delightful ſeat of Pierpoint; during which period I had, in the courſe of my daily excurſions, become acquainted with every haunt and ſequeſtered walk in its vicinity. My father's family conſiſted but of myſelf and a younger brother, at this time educated at Paris; ſo that, unleſs it were an occaſional viſit from ſome diſtant neighbours, my companions had principally been my book, my pencil, or my lute. It was in one of theſe excurſions, during a ſerene evening in the month of

July,

July, that chance led me to an enchanting retreat on the adjoining property of Mr Beaumarché, which lay contiguous to that of my father. Being fatigued with rambling, I seated myself in a natural grotto of rock, excavated by the wintry torrent; which, at this time, glided placidly below, murmuring along the bottom of a steep bank, beautifully wooded, and furnished with a winding path from the summit to the base. Confident of the secrecy of a retirement where I had often enjoyed the pleasure of uninterrupted solitude, I indulged myself in the full participation of those innocent raptures which the surrounding scenery inspired. The departing rays of the setting sun had just gilded, with a softened lustre, every object around. The awful grandeur of cliff and venerable pine above; the distant prospect of hamlet, cot, and farm, below; the murmur of the stream, and the universal melody of the grove, all produced a mingled sensation of transport and solemn serenity which I had never experienced before. The thrush, in an

adjacent thorn, ſat ſinging to his liſtening mate; and the turtle, in an adjoining thicket, ſat wooing his reſponding love. All Nature ſeemed to rejoice, and hail with one voice the AUTHOR of their happineſs; nor was I the only inanimated warbler of the choir. In the midſt of this concert of Nature, and in the height of my enjoyment, I ſung a favourite Italian air; and as I ſeldom went without my lute, I accompanied my voice with that inſtrument, till the approaching gloom of the evening warned me to depart.

ON my haſtening out of the grotto, my aſtoniſhment was great on perceiving a man dreſſed in white ſtanding cloſe to the entrance. My alarm indeed was ſuch, that I ſhrieked as if I had ſeen a phantom; but I ſoon diſcovered that my fear was occaſioned by a moſt engaging mortal. I ſhall not entertain you with a minute deſcription; ſuffice it to ſay, that among all the fine-finiſhed beaux with whom I had for ſo long paſt my time at Paris, I had never

never ſeen one who pleaſed me equal to this elegant ſtranger; who, to a figure perfectly formed, poſſeſſed an expreſſion of feature and a graceſulneſs of manner truly intereſting. On his perceiving my alarm, he politely apologiſed for his having inadvertently broke in on my retirement. "The beauty of the evening, Madam (ſaid he), induced me to explore this labyrinth; but your own excellence has been the cauſe of my intruſion. I could not reſiſt the temptation of drawing near to ſounds the moſt ſweet and perfect I ever heard in my life. Had I ſuſpected your approach, I ſhould certainly have retired; but I hope (continued he, ſmiling, and bowing reſpectfully) that my fault is not ſo great as to preclude pardon." During this ſhort addreſs, which was delivered with an eaſe and elegance truly engaging, I had ſo far recovered myſelf, as to treat the circumſtance with ſome degree of jocularity. To have affected reſerve and coldneſs on ſo trifling an occurrence, would have looked like prudery; to have appeared alarmed in a ſolitary

place

place with a ſtranger, would have been but a poor compliment paid to my fortitude, and betrayed ſuſpicions which I thought prudent to conceal. But indeed there was little cauſe for either ſuſpicion or alarm. A behaviour more diſtant and reſpectful I could not have wiſhed for from my companion; who, during a pretty long walk homewards, informed me that he had but juſt arrived from Paris at his uncle's, Mr Beaumarché; that his ſtay would be only for a few weeks; during which time he hoped that the happy circumſtance which had procured him ſo unexpected an interview, would be the means of producing a further acquaintance. I made no ſecret of my family and place of abode; and, before parting, aſſured him, that, after a proper introduction, I made no doubt of my father's readineſs to ſhew a ſtranger every attention in his power during his reſidence in our neighbourhood. This I ſaid without heſitation; from a wiſh to return a civil anſwer, and from a conviction that the intro-

introduction I mentioned would be attended with obſtructions not eaſily removed.

I HAVE been the more circumſtantial in relating theſe particulars (ſaid Madame Bellanger), as they open a door to the moſt material parts of my hiſtory. The young gentleman, whom I am about to introduce to your acquaintance, was nephew to Monſieur Beaumarché, our near neighbour; who, of all men, was the moſt obnoxious to my father. A number of diſcordant circumſtances, from the near vicinity of their properties, had for ſeveral years raiſed a kind of barrier between every ſocial and neighbourly intercourſe; which the opulence of the one, and the family conſequence of the other, mutually tended to ſtrengthen and increaſe. The Count, my father, with all his virtues, poſſeſſed that proud dignity which a conſciouſneſs of his birth and anceſtry had implanted in his mind. His neighbour, on the contrary, had been bred a planter; had gone, at an early period, to the

Weſt

Weſt Indies; where, having accumulated a large fortune, and left the management of his concerns abroad to a younger brother, had for ſome years been in Europe, in poſſeſſion of the property adjoining to my father's eſtate. Monſieur Beaumarché, altho' deſtitute of thoſe engaging manners and elegant attractions which conſtitute the polite gentleman, and mark the man of faſhion, was nevertheleſs poſſeſſed of many excellent qualities. Endowed with plain ſtrong maſculine ſenſe, he deſpiſed the frippery of poliſhed exterior; poſſeſſed of eaſe, affluence, and a liberal mind, he laughed at the unſubſtantial ſhadows of *title* and *anceſtry*; and contented himſelf with a candid blunt demeanour to all men, however elevated or ſplendid their ſtation. It may therefore be eaſily conceived, that two perſons, ſo nearly ſituated, and ſo very oppoſite in their ſentiments and manners, could hardly aſſimulate. The very firſt interview produced impreſſions highly repulſive to each; which finally ended in a total eſtrangement

and mutual contempt. It was this ſituation of affairs which induced me to ſuppoſe, that every attempt to procure an introduction to the nephew of a man ſo diſagreeable to my father would prove abortive; nor was I miſtaken in my opinion. A week had elapſed without my having heard any thing of young Beaumarché; when early one morning my maid brought me a letter, which ſhe ſaid had been delivered by an unknown ſervant, who rode off immediately, ſaying it required no anſwer. On opening it, I found it was from my elegant intruder; regretting, in the moſt diſconſolate terms, the miſunderſtanding which ſo effectually precluded him from viſiting me at my father's houſe; and eagerly intreating another interview that evening in the ſame place; where, to uſe his own words, he had lately been bleſſed with my ſociety. A ſhort ſtruggle between *prudence* and *inclination* ſoon gave way to the latter. I had indeed, ever ſince my interview with this young ſtranger, experienced a reſtleſs inquietude of mind,

mind, till then unknown to me. My daily and my nightly thoughts ſtill turned on the pleaſant picture I had lately ſeen; and even the certainty of the obſtacles which obſtructed our acquaintance, only ſerved to quicken the ardour of once more ſeeing and converſing with a perſon who had prepoſſeſſed me ſo much in his favour. Secrecy and circumſpection, however, were indiſpenſable. I knew my father's ſentiments and temper too well to doubt of ſeverity if detected; but as my conſtant evening excurſions had in a manner ſanctioned my abſence, I was not without hopes that the interview requeſted might be granted with perfect ſafety.

On repairing to the place appointed (which was the ſcene of our firſt interview), I found young Beaumarché waiting anxiouſly for my arrival. His appearance, although ſtill more engaging if poſſible than formely, was, however, attended with a change of look and manner which ſtruck me forcibly. In ſpite of an

aſſumed cheerfulneſs, it was evident that ſomething had affected his mind ſince we laſt parted. A melancholy hung over him, which obſcured, while it ſoftened, the brilliancy of that vivacity which lately brightened his aſpect: a penſive thoughtfulneſs accompanied every word and action, which, while it intereſted the feelings, gave an additional influence to all he ſaid. When arrived at our favourite grotto, and ſeated with all the former beauties of object around us, he entreated I would once more favour him with a repetition of the muſical air which at firſt attracted him, and had been the happy means of producing our acquaintance. "It has dwelt on my mind and vibrated on my ear (ſaid he, with a ſigh) ever ſince I heard it!—it has been my companion by day and by night, and has occaſioned ſenſations which it were in vain for me to deſcribe." But I ſhall not tire you (ſaid Madame Bellanger) with a converſation which would be inſipid to you, although at the time particularly intereſting to me. I ſhall only, for connection's ſake, mention briefly what

what paſſed relative to his ſituation in life, his future proſpects, and immediate engagements; all which he mentioned with an unpremeditated ſincerity, which deſtroyed every ſuſpicion, and with a pathos and paſſion which left laſting impreſſions behind.

His father, as I before obſerved, had, on the departure of his elder brother from Guadaloupe, been left ſole manager of his property in that iſland; in which property he was jointly concerned. Having acquired an eaſy independency, and having no child but one ſon to inherit his fortune, he was deſirous of giving him an education ſuited to his rank and expectations in life: for which purpoſe, he had, about five years ago, ſent him home to receive all the advantages of the metropolis, and to improve himſelf by travel. Young Beaumarché had but juſt finiſhed a two years tour through France, Spain, and Italy; and having arrived at an age which requires ſome eligible and permanent eſtabliſhment, his father had preſſingly written

for his return, which was finally fixed at the diſtance of only a few weeks. "It is this ſhort period (ſaid he), Mademoiſelle de V——, which has induced me to uſe every method in my power to obtain an introduction to your family; and which having failed to procure, impelled me to ſolicit this interview, for which obliging condeſcendence, on your part, I have not words to expreſs my gratitude. All I have to requeſt is, that ſince our acquaintance has been brought about by ſo unforeſeen, and to me ſo fortunate an accident; ſince it has already yielded me ſo much pleaſure, and ſince it is to be of ſuch ſhort duration—let me entreat that it may not be interrupted. Do not, Mademoiſelle (ſaid he, taking my hand in the moſt expreſſive, yet ſubmiſſive manner), do not deprive me of the happineſs of ſeeing you daily, and enjoying the innocent luxury of your converſation, during my ſhort reſidence in this country! I know this is a favour I have no title to expect. I am an entire ſtranger to you; and the unhappy miſunderſtanding ſubſiſting between

between the Count your father and my uncle, perhaps may induce you to ſhun the ſociety of ſo near a connection. The laſt idea I cannot prevail on myſelf to entertain, as it is an injury at once offered to your goodneſs and your underſtanding. As to the firſt obſtacle, I am hopeful it will ſoon be removed. I have been made to underſtand, that an intimacy and epiſtolary correſpondence ſubſiſt between you and my particular friend Madame ——. To her I have already written; and I flatter myſelf, that by to-morrow morning you will receive, from under her own hand, ſuch intelligence relative to me and my family as will not diſpleaſe you."

Were it not for a little prudery, in other words *inſincerity*, we women, Madame Penguin, in all likelihood, would ſucceed leſs with the men, and become ſtill greater dupes to flattery and deceit. Although nothing could have been more agreeable to me than a compliance with Beaumarché's requeſt, a ſenſe of propriety,

propriety, joined to a ſecret pride, which ſhould never forſake us, enabled me to reject his entreaties on the ſcore of imprudence, and the riſk of incurring a father's diſpleaſure. "I ſee no abſolute harm, Monſieur (ſaid I), in a lady meeting a gentleman of honour and character, and enjoying the innocent pleaſure of rational and agreeable converſation in any place; but, independent of the door which ſecret interviews with a ſtranger would unqueſtionably open for calumny and general criticiſm, what purpoſe could ſuch interviews poſſibly anſwer between you and me? You ſeem perfectly acquainted with the cauſe which prevents a correſpondence and cordiality between our connections. Why, therefore, ſhould we furniſh ſubject for obſervation to others, diſpleaſure to our friends, and pain to ourſelves, merely to indulge an idle and unimportant propenſity to enjoy each others company for a week or two? You certainly have not weighed the conſequences annexed to a compliance with your requeſt, otherwiſe you never would

have

have made it. The thing is impoſſible. *Prudence, propriety, decorum*, forbid it; nay, every thing is againſt it."

THESE obſervations, which I thought unanſwerable, produced no other effect on Beaumarché than an increaſed melancholy and gloom. After a ſolemn pauſe of ſome minutes, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his whole countenance expreſſive of deſpondency and affliction, "What ſlaves! (ſaid he) what wretched ſlaves does CUSTOM make of us all! Here, while bounteous Nature revels in delight, and while univerſal love and harmony reigns around, are we debarred from the participation of enjoyment, which neither virtue can diſapprove, nor innocence condemn, merely becauſe cuſtom has eſtabliſhed laws for decorum, and grovelling ſuſpicion awakened ſentiments repugnant to every liberal and dignified mind! And what (ſaid he), after all, do thoſe ſage and admirable regulations produce? Do they make women more virtuous, or men more

more honourable? Are the firſt rendered more tender, faithful, and affectionate; or the other more loving, conſtant, and ſincere? Alas! that warbler that ſings on the ſpray to cheer the ſolitude of his fitting mate; yon turtle that daily cooes fondly in the ſhade; and the nightingale that, in the abſence of his loſt companion, mourns nightly through the grove;—may anſwer the queſtion. CUSTOM never regulated *their* affections; *Slander*, or *Malevolence*, never checked the ardour of their flame. NATURE, and Nature alone, made *them* tender, faithful, and attentive: but it would ſeem, that woman, without culture, is incapable of ſuch virtues; or that man is the moſt treacherous and ſavage monſter of the field!"

"COME, come, my good Sir (ſaid I, willing to conceal the effects which the ardour and dignity of his ſentiments had produced), come, come, we muſt not quarrel with reſtrictions which experience has eſtabliſhed, merely becauſe they may interfere with the temporary objects of

our

our gratification. Inſtitutions of decorum are as neceſſary to regulate human conduct, as laws to prevent and puniſh the commiſſion of crimes. If they do not make the virtuous better, they at leaſt tend to prevent the vicious from growing worſe."—"True, Madam (ſaid Beaumarché); but is it conſiſtent with juſtice, equity, or reaſon, to treat the virtuous and the flagitious alike? The infliction of puniſhment, however mild, is ſurely authoriſed by no law till after the crime is committed and proven; but according to the inſtitutions which malice and illiberality eſtabliſh as the guardians of female virtue, *ſuſpicion* alone is ſufficient to conſtitute the crime; and the jury, without hearing evidence, or examining proof, inſtantly bring in their verdict GUILTY. How monſtrous! how abſurd (ſaid he), for inſtance, are the regulations eſtabliſhed in this country for the conduct of women in different ſtations! Here, while a *married* woman may with impunity indulge in liberties which, I do maintain, are not only ſcandalouſly indelicate, but

but altogether repugnant to the nature of a ſtate where decency and decorum ought invariably to preſide; a young girl dare not, without immediate loſs of character, gratify inclinations which, in the eye of reaſon, virtue, and nature, are harmleſs and irreproachable. Inſtead of a behaviour which, on all occaſions, ought to mark a preference, and an unmixed affection for the object of her choice, a *married* woman in France proclaims, in the face of the world, her favourites and paramours; who, at all times, are admitted to her preſence, and lay claim to privileges which none but a huſband has a title to expect.—They viſit her in ſecret; they attend her to ſelect parties where a huſband's face never appears; they are admitted to her toilet at the hour ſhe is dreſſing; nay, to her bedchamber previous to her getting up; and all this with the moſt unbluſhing familiarity on her part, and without the ſmalleſt cenſure from her fellow-citizens. To reprobate, or to diſpute, theſe ſhameleſs practices, would be to raiſe a whole hoſt of

matrons

matrons againſt us; and yet a poor affectionate girl cannot take a private walk with the object of her regard, or grant one ſtolen interview to the man of her heart, without the immediate riſk of receiving a ſtab to her reputation; which, to a delicate and ſuſceptible mind, can never be repaired. No! (ſaid Beaumarché, warmed with the ſubject) No! it is impoſſible to defend ſuch barbarous abſurdities. CUSTOM has ever been a monſter that has tyrannized over reaſon, juſtice, and humanity; and, in all its barbarities, it has ever been the moſt ſavage and tyrannical to LOVE. I have often beſtowed ſerious thought on this ſubject; and I have not a doubt remaining, that, ſo far are theſe unnatural ſeverities favourable to female virtue and purity of mind, effects diametrically oppoſite are often the immediate conſequence. A young creature, ſubjected from a certain age to inceſſant ſuſpicion, and governed by reſtraint, can never acquire that dignity of mind which ſprings from conſcious rectitude and ſelf applauſe, grafted

on the approbation of others. To withhold confidence, is to ſuſpect purity; and that is the moſt effectual way to undermine it. It debaſes her in her own opinion, blunts the finer ſenſations of delicacy and honour, and ſtrips the mind of that elevation and pride which aid and accompany true virtue. But, independent of theſe, I do maintain, that ſuch unjuſt and abſurd reſtraints tend materially to injure and deſtroy the beſt and brighteſt ornament of the ſex. Unreaſonable ſeverities on one ſide, muſt neceſſarily produce *artifice*, *deceit*, and *falſehood*, on the other. And what is WOMAN (ſaid Beaumarché, in a ſolemn tone) without TRUTH? What the faireſt face without the heavenly traits of ſincerity and candour? Can we claſp ſuch a fancied jewel to our hearts without feeling its coldneſs and impurity? Can we depoſit in ſuch a caſket our moſt precious treaſures, for a moment, without trembling for their ſafety?

"BUT I mean not (continued Beaumarché), by

by what I have ſaid, to overturn your ſentiments, Mademoiſelle, far leſs to ſubject you, on my account, to any thing diſagreeable, or injurious to your reputation. God forbid I ſhould! I cannot, however, help obſerving, that our meeting here, occaſionally, is very unlikely to produce the laſt circumſtance. A different path to that by which you return home leads me to my uncle's houſe; ſo that our interviews in this ſpot can never be ſuſpected by thoſe who may chance to obſerve our evening or our morning excurſions. At all events, you cannot refuſe me the ſatisfaction of knowing if you have heard from my friend Madame ——. I ſhall therefore hope, at leaſt, for the happineſs of ſeeing you here to-morrow evening at the uſual hour." My ſilence, which proceeded from a total inability to anſwer ſuch a torrent of paſſionate eloquence, wearing the ſemblance, if not of conſent, at leaſt of heſitation; he very artfully precluded an anſwer, which might have led to farther obſtacles, by taking an abrupt departure.

IT may well be ſuppoſed, that the foregoing doctrine of Beaumarché's was not heard by me with indifference. Whatever were the truths it contained (and I doubt much if the moſt rigid moral caſuiſt can altogether overturn them), it was principally the manner and manly ſentiments of the ſpeaker, that left impreſſions which I could not obliterate. If this young ſtranger (ſaid I to myſelf as I returned penſively home) is not a man of pure principles and honour, he muſt be one of the firſt hypocrites on earth.—But it is ungenerous and unkind to ſuſpect him. Every word and look, expreſſive of his feelings, evince the ſincerity of his ſentiments. But, alas! (ſaid I, reflecting on his connections and approaching departure from Europe) what are his principles, his looks, or his ſentiments, to me! At ſupper, my father obſerved my melancholy, and inquired after my health. All night on my pillow did the day's animated ſcene dwell on my remembrance. All night, till the morning ſun broke through my caſement, did I

ſtruggle

struggle against my inclinations, and seriously examine the impropriety of my late conduct; nor did I drop into slumbers till (convinced of my danger) I determined in my mind not to meet the bewitching youth again. But these, alas! were only the commencement of my inquietudes, afflictions, and broken repose!

THE next morning brought me a letter from Madame ——, who gave me an account of young Beaumarché and his connections which I little expected. His family was noble; but the grandfather, from a train of unfortunate events, having been obliged, about fifty or sixty years back, to dispose of the family estate, had judiciously dropt the idle sound of title, and, establishing himself in the wine business at Bourdeaux, educated his two sons to the profession of merchants. The picture she drew of my young West Indian friend was flattering in an eminent degree. No young gentleman, she said, had ever reflected more honour on his friends, or had given more delight to

his acquaintance. He was reſpected by the honourable, admired by the generous, and beloved by the humane. His life (ſaid Madame ——), young as he is, has been a ſeries of actions dignified and benevolent; while the excellence of his underſtanding, and the brilliancy of his wit, make his ſociety courted by all, but particularly by our ſex. We are about to loſe him; and every brow is overclouded on the occaſion, for his loſs will be irreparable.

. . . . . .

THIS letter was a bad cordial to enable me to carry into execution my late determination, to withdraw myſelf in time from a temptation which I eaſily perceived was increaſing, and which, I plainly foreſaw, might lead to conſequences at once diſagreeable and diſtreſſing. But weak and ineffectual are the ſuggeſtions of *prudence*, when oppoſed by *affection*. A temporary ſtruggle may indeed occur; but it is like the reſiſtance of the winds to the waves of the ocean. They may retard, for a ſhort time, their courſe; but it only ſerves to raiſe

them

them higher and higher, till, diſdaining every obſtacle, they break with redoubled violence on the ſhore! Such, at leaſt, was my caſe. Every day produced a new interview; at every interview affection grew ſtronger, till love, tenderneſs, and compaſſion, roſe uncontrolled, and bore down all reſiſtance before them. Reflections, however, and theſe not of the moſt pleaſant nature, would frequently obtrude, even in the hour of felicity, and poiſon every enjoyment. Something eternally whiſpered me, that our interviews, ſooner or later, would be diſcovered, and produce conſequences injurious to my character, or deſtructive of my peace. On theſe occaſions, I ſeldom failed to remonſtrate ſeriouſly with Beaumarché on the impropriety and folly of our meetings: but he either reaſoned down my objections with his eloquence, or diſſipated my apprehenſions with his vivacity. My inquietude, however, did not fail to affect a mind like his ſenſibly; and, as he contrived every expedient to baniſh my fears and ſoothe my agitations, he one morning

ing presented me with the following effusion of his pathetic muse; which, independent of the passion and sentiment it breathes, conveys such a picture of the writer's mind, that I have ever since keeped it as one of the most precious relics of our affection. In saying this, Madame Bellanger pulled out her pocket-book, and read "*La Remonstrance*," of which the following, I am afraid, is but a faint and feeble translation.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

"Haste! haste! my lov'd LAURA!—away to the grove,
One evening, enraptur'd, I said;
Mild beams gild the upland, the mead, and alcove,
And melody bursts round the glade!

The lark, with his female, soars warbling on high;
The thrush cheers his mate in the dell;

The

The ſtream from the mountain foams murmuring by,
While Echo repeats from her cell.

The turtle's fond cooings come ſoft on the gale,
With fragrance flung freſh from the thorn;
And ſoon Philomela will pour her lone wail,
And call her loſt lover till morn.

—Haſte! join the full chorus with lute and with ſong,
Ere eve ſpreads her mantle of grey;
—Haſte! haſte! my lov'd warbler—we've tarried too long:
See!—*Veſper* proclaims parting day!"

"Ah, EDMOND! (the fair one replied with a ſmile)
How warm! how perſuaſive thy ſtrain!
'Tis the language of NATURE! (a ſtranger to guile)
And Nature ſhould ne'er plead in vain.

If

If with paſſion ſo ardent my Edmond can
plead,
When diſtant from ſtreamlet or grove,
What! what will he ſay, when around bower
and mead
All Nature breathes fragrance and love?

When the *lark* with his conſort ſoars blithe-
ſome and free;
When the *thruſh* cheers his mate on the
thorn;
Will my Edmond not envy each pair that we
ſee,
Unchill'd by cold prudence or ſcorn?

When the *turtle* bills fondly, or cooes thro'
the ſhade,
Wilt thou ceaſe then thy love-melting lay?
And when Philomel plaintively mourns round
the glade,
Ah! what will my moraliſt ſay?

"O!

"O, Love! how bewitching! how *conſtant* thy power!"
(It is thus thou would'ſt ſighing complain)
"When preſent, ſoft melody fills every bower;
When abſent, 'tis ſorrow and pain!

For thee, lonely mourner *! who pour'ſt thy ſad lay,
No partner with love beats the wing!
Yet hark! how yon choriſters ſport on each ſpray;—
Hark! hark! how they flutter and ſing!

No ſorrow—no plaining, *their* tranſports annoy;
'Tis harmony fills all the grove!
No female affects to be diſtant and coy,
But each chirps the language of love.

Ah! why then ſhould Nature (ſweet nurſe of delight!)
Ah!

* The Nightingale.

Ah! why ſhould ſhe ever be ſuppreſt?
And why, my lov'd Laura, when tranſports excite,
Conceal the beſt joys of the breaſt?"

"'Tis thus thou would'ſt reaſon—thus pen-
ſive complain;
Thus falſely Love's ſufferings rehearſe;
For ſay, when did paſſion adorn Edmond's ſtrain,
That Laura was deaf to the verſe?

With thee ſhould I wander the woodlands among,
And hail the full choir on the ſpray;
Enrapt join the concert, with lute and with ſong,
Till eve ſpread her mantle of grey.

But, ah! my falſe reaſoner! will tranſports repel
The ſhafts that too quickly will wound?

Will

Will SLANDER's shrill pipe not be heard in the dell,
When Echo reverb'rates the sound?
Will the dove's cooing murmurs each whisper controul,
False—cruel—illiberal, and mean?
Will the warm throb of Nature expand ev'ry soul
Contracted with envy and spleen?

No! no, fond declaimer! nor transport, nor youth,
Nor Nature's soft mandates avail;
Nor all the mild dictates of virtue and truth,
While CUSTOM's stern precepts prevail.
For these (by inconstancy render'd unkind),
Strict limits have mark'd for the fair;
Cold *prudence* must triumph e'er *passion* refin'd,
Till Hymen the chaplet prepare.
Alas! does decorum then rest on a vow?

Or modeſty ſpring from a tie?
Do truth, love, and conſtancy, dwell on the bough,
And from *woman* alone do they fly?

Sing on, then, ſweet warblers!—ah! ceaſe not the ſtrain!
Go—flutter and bill through the grove!
But talk not, my Edmond, of woman's diſdain,
While *Cuſtom's the tyrant of Love!*"

But the day now approached when my dear and valued companion was to depart; and the nearer it approached, the more urgent was he to obtain my conſent to make me his for ever. "He claimed, not (he ſaid) any thing but the power of calling me his own. He only wiſhed to ſecure me, previous to his departure, beyond all the chances and riſks of Fortune. He had prepared his uncle for the occaſion; who had given his conſent, and would himſelf witneſs our union. His ſtay in the Weſt Indies would

would not be for any length of time. Letters which he carried out from his uncle to his father, would finally settle and arrange matters so as to enable him to return to Europe in less than a twelvemonth; and then (said he) should all conciliating measures fail with your father, I shall claim you as my lawful wife in defiance of every opposition. I wish not, my dear Harriette (continued he), to break through the established laws of society; far less to destroy the bonds of duty and filial affection; but *I cannot think* of leaving carelessly behind me such a jewel to be crushed by the unrelenting hand of pride and caprice, or cast upon a polluted soil, where its lustre will never appear." It was now I experienced the effects of a situation which I once foresaw, once dreaded, but could not shun. The thoughts of a clandestine union, without the approbation of my parents, or the knowledge of any of my connections, filled me with horror; and yet the idea of parting from the object of my fondest affections, on whose sincerity and honour I reposed the

utmoſt confidence, inclined me to bind myſelf nearer and more firmly to all I held dear and valuable on earth. In ſhort (ſaid Madame Bellanger), in a raſh moment I yielded conſent; and early on the morning preceding the day of his departure, a prieſt, in the preſence of old M. Beaumarché and his wife, united us, in the favourite grotto, for ever.

THE ceremony was hardly over, till I experienced a depreſſion of ſpirits which I had never before felt, and which I could by no means account for. A cold lifeleſs torpor ſeized my heart, chilled every comfort, and deadened every joy. "*The lark, with his female, ſoar'd blitheſome and free;*" and the turtle, in an adjoining thicket, "*bill'd fondly, and coo'd through the ſhade;*" while I remained inſenſible to love, and ſeemed ſtupified with the very event which ſo lately I ſo ardently wiſhed for. A mental monitor ſtill told me that I had done wrong; a ſecret admoniſher whiſpered to me to beware of the conſequences. I had, like a thief

in

in the night, clandestinely done what should have met the face of day. I had executed, irrevocably, a deed repugnant to the duty of a child, and ungenerous to the best of parents. These reflections and sensations contributed to occupy and distress my mind during my return home through a long and lonely wood, at the outskirts of which I met my father. A gravity, mixed with severity, sat on his brow; and, as he approached me, I thought I perceived an evident suspicion in his eye. "Where have you been, Harriette (said he, with a look that seemed to search my inmost thought)? where have you been so early?"—"Taking my morning's walk, Sir" (said I).—"Your *morning* walks (said he) used not to be so frequent; but of late both your morning and your *evening* walks have been wonderfully regular. But it is near the time of breakfast; go home and prepare it: when it is over, I shall expect some private conversation with you." To a mind impressed with guilt, or suspicious of conduct, every thing is alarming. My father's

look, manner, and addreſs, convinced me that I had been detected; which occaſioned ſuch a tremor, that it was with difficulty I reached home. At breakfaſt you may be ſure appetite was not keen. As ſoon as it was over, my mother retired, and left me alone with my father; who addreſſed me nearly in the following terms:

"I BELIEVE, Harriette, ſince your earlieſt remembrance you have found me a kind and an indulgent father. From your infancy, my unwearied endeavours have been applied to the improvement of a mind, where I wiſhed to implant the ſentiments of virtue with thoſe of a becoming dignity, and the feelings of true honour with that of a proper pride. It is but juſtice to ſay, that in all your conduct you have hitherto amply repaid me for my labours; and the comforts which I have derived from your obedience, virtues, and acquirements, have ſhed a healing balm on every pain, and given pride and exultation to my heart. Judge, then,

then, how ſenſibly I muſt feel ſhould the ſmalleſt ſpeck ſully the purity of a conduct which till now has remained irreproachable. Judge what tortures I ſhould experience, were any part of your behaviour tinctured with levity, meanneſs, or diſgrace.—The purport of this introduction I ſhall now explain.

"A YOUNG man for ſome weeks paſt has viſited theſe parts, whom I am informed is nephew to that fellow Beaumarché. I have met him occaſionally; and it muſt be confeſſed that appearance is in his favour, and had he not been connected with ſuch a brute as his uncle, I ſhould have marked him as a gentleman, and as a ſtranger invited him to my houſe. I have been informed, that ſome time ago, you was ſeen walking on Beaumarché's property with a gentleman, who, by the deſcription, could have been no other than the perſon I have mentioned; and I have been further informed, that this happened at a pretty late hour in the evening. It is to obtain full informa-

information relative to theſe particulars that I have now demanded this private interview; and I warn you (continued he, with a look of ſeverity), as you value your peace, and dread my diſpleaſure, to beware of a deviation from the ſtricteſt veracity."

HAD not the commencement of my father's addreſs (which was kind and affecting) drawn ſome tears from me, I ſhould not have been able to have ſpoken at all: theſe, however, joined with certain circumſtances, which induced me to ſuppoſe that only *part* of my conduct had been diſcovered, enabled me to return the following anſwer; which, though literally true, illuſtrated but too well Beaumarché's ſtrictures on *duplicity*:

"MY being on M. Beaumarché's property, Sir, was merely accidental. The fineneſs of the evening invited me to extend my walk, further than I uſually do, to the oppoſite bank, ſo remarkable for its beauties, and ſo favourable for

for retirement. On my return home, I met a young gentleman whom I had never, till that moment, ſeen, and whom, perhaps, after to-morrow I ſhall never ſee again. I knew nothing either of him or his connections; conſequently I could have had no premeditated intention of meeting him: and thoſe who have been officious enough to communicate the intelligence, might have been better employed, than in filling your ears with ſuch inſignificant circumſtances, and your mind with ſuſpicions to my prejudice."—"And this is *all* (ſaid my father, gravely)?"—"*All!* (ſaid I, with ſome heſitation) The young gentleman walked and converſed with me till I was out of his uncle's property, and then left me."—"And you have never ſeen him ſince?"—"Yes (ſaid I), repeatedly."—"Where (ſaid my father, eagerly)?"—"On his uncle's property while I was walking on the oppoſite bank."—"And who told you (continued my father), that he was to depart hence to-morrow?"—"Himſelf (ſaid I); he informed me at our firſt meeting, that his time

time was limited to a certain day, when he was to leave this country, and ſail for the Weſt Indies."—"And, pray, how came ſuch minute intelligence to be communicated on ſo ſhort an acquaintance, Harriette?"—"I really do not recollect the circumſtances which led to it, Sir (ſaid I), but I preſume it is of very little conſequence." My father looked ſtedfaſtly in my face for above a minute, and then, without ſaying a word, got up and walked out of the room.

I COULD not help ruminating on the narrow eſcape I had made, while a ſecret compunction told me that I had acted unworthily. Ah! (ſaid I to myſelf) Beaumarché in this, as in every thing elſe which regards *honour* and *veracity*, is right! Nothing can be more ſcandalouſly mean than ſubterfuges to gloſs over truth and miſlead ſincerity; and certainly nothing more likely to contaminate and debaſe the female mind, than a repetition of ſuch artifices! But theſe reflections continued not long.

The

The evening, which was to put a final close to a delightful and tender intercourse, and which was appointed for our last farewell, dwelt on my mind, and banished every other consideration. At dinner, my father's gravity still continued; his eye seemed to watch my every look and action; and I believe it was but too evident from both that all was not at peace at home. At the hour appointed, I hurried to the place, where I was confident I should meet affliction. As I approached the grotto, a shivering seized me, which nearly bereft me of the power of motion. My faithful and affectionate friend had been waiting with impatience; and running with ardour to meet me, was astonished at the paleness which o'erspread my countenance, and at the lifeless coldness with which I received his caresses. "What is the matter, my love? (said he, with emotion) Whence this trembling, paleness, and dejection?"—"O, Beaumarché! (said I) I know not what it is; but something lies at my heart which overpowers me, and fills me with terror.

I know not what to think of it; but ever ſince the ceremony this morning, it has hung heavily upon me; and ſomething ſtill tells me, either that we ſhall meet no more, or that ſome dreadful event is to befal me."—"Away with ſuch chimeras (ſaid Beaumarché, claſping me to his boſom); it is but the idea of *parting*, my love, that operates on the gentleneſs of your nature, and fills you with apprehenſions. But be comforted, my deareſt Harriette! the time will ſoon arrive when all theſe diſmal phantoms will vaniſh, and a ſun of happineſs break through the gloom that now ſurrounds you. A few months will ſoon paſs over; a few months *re-unite and bind us for ever!*" Theſe endearing and reviving ſentiments were accompanied with the moſt paſſionate embraces; in the midſt of which (Merciful heaven! I can hardly think of it now without ſhuddering) who ſhould ruſh into the grotto but—my FATHER!

MY terror and confuſion were ſuch, that I remained ſtupified and immoveable, while circumſtances

cumſtances occurred that might well have rouſed me—I remember to have heard my father addreſs Beaumarché by the epithet of *villain*—I remember to have ſeen them both ſuddenly leave the grotto—I likewiſe remember to have heard the claſhing of ſwords; and Beaumarché, with a loud and ſolemn voice, exclaim, "Hear me, Monſieur le Comte—urge me not to what my heart recoils from;" and yet I remained petrified and immoveable, like the inſenſible maſs of rock on which I ſat. How long I continued in this agitated dream I know not; but Beaumarché's re-entering the grotto, pale and bloody, effectually awakened me. "Run, my dear Harriette (ſaid he haſtily); run to your father. His raſhneſs, I much fear, has undone us all! Haſte, my love! attend him till I ſend aſſiſtance: you ſhall ſoon ſee me again. In diſtraction, I flew out of the grotto; (but may no ſuch ſpectacle ever meet the eye of a daughter!) I found my father, at the diſtance of ſome paces, lying on his right ſide, half raiſed on his elbow; his face inclined to

the ground; his left hand placed near his heart; his clothes drenched in blood. On my approach, he raiſed his head, and giving me a look, which I can never baniſh from my remembrance, exclaimed, in a languid voice, "*Ah, Harriette! Harriette! Is this the reward of my kindneſs?*" I had but juſt ſtrength ſufficient to ſtagger to the dreadful ſpot, lay my cheek cloſe to his pallid face, and ſink ſenſeleſs by his ſide. What followed I know not. The firſt circumſtances I recollect were my being in bed in my own apartment, my maid weeping by me, and my mother chafing my temples. A ſhort time diſcloſed a ſcene which my recent ſituation had ſhut out from me; and which, as ſoon as my ſtrength and ſpirits would permit, my mother communicated to the following purport:

My father, on his being carried home by thoſe whom Beaumarché had diſpatched to his aſſiſtance, and on the ſurgeon's dreſſing the wound without pronouncing any thing deci-

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ſive relative to the event, addreſſed his attendants in theſe words: "As it is uncertain what ſtate of body and mind I may be in a few hours hence, and as I am now enabled to reveal the cauſe of my preſent ſituation, I conceive it but juſtice to diſcloſe what, if kept ſecret, might perhaps hereafter affect the life and character of a fellow-creature." He then briefly related, that, impelled by an ungovernable fury, he had firſt given Beaumarché abuſive language, and then inſiſted on his drawing his ſword on the ſpot: That Beaumarché had repeatedly intreated him to liſten for a few moments to what he had to declare, but to no purpoſe; and that while my father advanced to attack him, Beaumarché continued retreating on the defenſive, ſtill urging him, for God's ſake, to attend to what he had to communicate: That, in retreating, Beaumarché's foot having encountered the ſtump of a tree, occaſioned him, after ſtaggering a few paces backwards, to fall; and that my father, haſtily advancing, and encountering the ſame obſtruction, fell likewiſe,

and, in his fall, the extended ſword of Beaumarché entered his left ſide near his heart: That when Beaumarché had diſengaged himſelf, and found how matters ſtood, his conduct (to uſe my father's own words) was humane, manly, and affecting. "Had I known (ſaid he) as much of this young man previous to this raſh action, I might have acted otherwiſe; but it is now too late to reflect. All I have to add is, that whatever may be the conſequence of my imprudence, the fault was all my own; the young man was perfectly innocent."

As my poor father had foreſeen, a ſhort time made a very conſiderable change on both body and mind. A fever, accompanied with delirium, continued for eight days; at the end of which, having recovered the uſe of his reaſon, I received a meſſage to attend him. On my entering his chamber, he deſired every one but my mother to leave the room; and having ſeated myſelf, by his deſire, at the ſide of his bed,

bed, he addreſſed me nearly in the following words:

"I have ſent for you, Harriette, previous to my diſſolution, that you might receive from my own lips a declaration that I die in peace with a child whom I have ever tenderly loved, and to whom, notwithſtanding the impropriety of her late conduct, I wiſh every future happineſs. All I have now to intreat is, that you will plainly and candidly relate what has paſſed between you and the young man who has accidentally been the cauſe of my preſent misfortune, as I cannot compoſe my mind to perfect ſerenity while an ambiguity hangs over the honour of my family. You have already dealt diſingenuouſly with me; I hope you will not now, as there is nothing from a dying father you have to fear." As ſoon as the exceſs of grief allowed me utterance, I, without diſguiſe, diſcloſed every circumſtance which had paſſed between Beaumanoir and me, not even concealing our marriage; and having Madame

———'s letter in my pocket, I took it out and read it, together with one I had likewife received from a near relation of our own, relative to Beaumarché's character and connections. "Read that letter over again" (faid my father, meaning Madame ———'s). I did fo: at the concluſion of which I heard him, with an elevated and emphatic tone of voice, fay, "*Bon!*" After a ſhort pauſe, he ſtretched out his hand, and taking mine, with a look expreſſive of reſignation and joy, faid, "*I now die in peace; my honour is not tarniſhed by your conduct, nor my family diſgraced by the connection.* Had I known theſe particulars in time, Harriette, my folly would not have been ſo great; but I feel the hand of death cold upon me. Farewell! Be kind to each other; and may Almighty God make you both happy!" So ſaying, he extended his other hand to my mother, and in a few moments breathed his laſt.

SUCH (ſaid Madame Bellanger, with a flood of tears) was the cloſe of a ſcene of conceal-

ment

ment and duplicity on my part; and such the consequences of a clandestine union, entered into without the knowledge and approbation of those who had cherished me with the utmost tenderness, and treated me with unremitting indulgence! Let none (continued she, looking at her daughter) imagine that a behaviour so disingenuous can ever be consistent with filial duty, or agreeable to the dictates of morality. Candour in every part of our own conduct, and confidence in those whom we love and have cause to esteem, are never-failing sources of serenity and pleasure; because, *whatever* may be the consequence, something whispers, even in the hour of disappointment, that we have acted our part with propriety. "But what if parents are altogether unreasonable and rigid (said Mademoiselle Antoinnette)."—"It is then time enough to counteract their severity (said her mother). At all events, young women, whose affections are engaged, are very improper judges of their own conduct. By opening their minds to a parent,

if

if they meet not with their approbation, they will at leaſt hear their objections; and theſe often are not unworthy of ſerious attention. But I have already encroached too much on your patience (ſaid Madame Bellanger): tomorrow I ſhall reſume my narrative, and conclude a ſeries of trials, the remembrance of which are ſtill painful; and which I ſhall therefore communicate as briefly as the circumſtances will admit."

THE next evening, having again repaired to our former ſituation in the plantain walk, Madame Bellanger reſumed her hiſtory as follows.

"A few days after the deceaſe of my father, I received a letter from Beaumarché, intimating his immediate departure for the Weſt Indies. Some months after brought me intelligence of his ſafe arrival at Guadaloupe, and of his determination to return to Europe the moment he arranged matters with his father, and

and was assured he could return with safety. During this dreary interval of separation, I continued close at Fitzpoint; my spirits suppressed with the recent calamity of our family; deprived of the only person who could administer comfort and consolation; and brooding over a melancholy train of ideas, arising from an uncertainty of ever beholding the object of my affections again. My poor mother, as may well be supposed, was, of all others, the least qualified to alleviate my sufferings, and dissipate the gloom that hung over me. My brother, on the death of my father, had returned from the university; and although reconciled to my union, and disposed to entertain favourable sentiments of Beaumarché, was nevertheless too young and giddy to afford those soothing attentions which a mind agitated like mine required. Old Beaumarché, indeed, and his lady did every thing in their power to assuage my sufferings, and kindle a hope of future joy and tranquillity in my mind: and as a perfect harmony now subsisted between their family and

and our's, my residence was principally with the old people at Bellevue; the near vicinity of which to Pierpoint, enabled me to dedicate a daily portion of my time to my mother. But it was not at Bellevue that my heart could experience repose; every object, every haunt, recalled the remembrance of circumstances, which terminated in melancholy, grief, and remorse! If, inadvertently, I struck into any path that led to the grotto of *love* and *death*, I started back with horror and affright. If, accidentally, I encountered the stream, the arbour, or the tree, where tenderness and worth had often detained me till "*Eve spread her mantle of grey*," my sighs and tears burst instantaneously, and left me a victim to sorrow and despair. At length, after twelve tedious melancholy months, the happy period arrived, when the object of all my fond hopes and wishes returned, and flew to my embraces with the transports of undiminished love. As soon as decency and attention to our friends would permit, we left

those

those gloomy abodes of former misfortune, and repaired to Paris; where, for two years, we partook of every happiness which agreeable association, easy fortune, and the most perfect affection, could bestow. In this period, our joys were increased by the birth of this young woman who now listens to this melancholy recital. But the joys of life, and their stability (said Madame Bellanger), are generally in proportion to their ardour, and mine were too rapturous to last!

At this time, letters arriving from Beaumarché's father, acquainting him of his declining state of health, and strongly soliciting his presence in Guadaloupe, we prepared for our immediate departure; leaving this young pledge of our love behind for the benefit of her education.

We arrived but in time to witness my poor father-in-law's decease.—A mournful welcome to these regions, and an ominous presage of the trials that awaited me! M. Beaumarché, on his

his father's death, took an immediate charge of the valuable properties he left behind him; conſiſting of two ſugar eſtates, one of coffee, and about 800 Negroes. Being a man of univerſal benevolence and humanity, his chief attention was directed to the comfort and happineſs of thoſe wretched ſons and daughters of adverſity, whom misfortune had doomed to perpetual ſlavery. Accuſtomed to ſcenes where feſtivity and freedom had brightened the paſtimes of thoſe with whom he had ſpent his early days on the continent of Europe, he could not behold the ſun of liberty ſet on thouſands around him, without ſighing for calamity, and endeavouring, by every indulgence, to meliorate their condition, and cheer their hours of captivity. In vain did his managers and neighbours repreſent the impropriety and danger annexed to a ſuddenly relaxed ſyſtem: In vain did his friends intreat him to introduce *gradually* and *imperceptibly* changes which, as they were unuſual and unexpected, might otherwiſe lead to a want of due ſubordination among the ſlaves, and prove

deſtructive

deſtructive, not only to himſelf, but to the general ſafety of the community. Beaumarché, impelled by an enthuſiaſm of humanity, and an indignation flowing from a ſenſe of oppreſſion, deſpiſed ſuggeſtions, which he conſidered in no other light than as the ſneaking inſtigations of intereſt and callous inſenſibility to the ſufferings of the unfortunate. "No! (exclaimed he) it ſhall *never* be ſaid that I acquieſce in ſuch deteſtable doctrines. The love of FREEDOM is implanted in every breaſt; and comfort, relaxation, and mirth, are privileges peculiar to no ſet of men upon earth. They are the gifts of heaven, to ſoothe and deaden the pangs of adverſity; nor is it the colour of a ſkin, or the texture of a frame, that can operate to their excluſion. Since deſtiny, or chance, or whatever it may be called, has doomed theſe miſerables to the wretched lot of bondage on my property, ſhall I not endeavour to render that bondage as eaſy as poſſible? Shall I not try to lighten the chains that weigh

them down and gall them to the quick? and shall I not, when the heavy task of labour ceases, make them, by a few comforts, lie down on a bed of repose; and, on the day of relaxation, by a few indulgences, make them rise up to merriment and joy? By the God of JUSTICE and MERCY (said Beaumarché) I will; and, if I err, I am confident that the same justice and mercy will acquit me!"

SUCH were the resolutions of Beaumarché, founded on principles the most generous and benevolent; and these resolutions he carried into immediate execution. Convinced that the usual labour established on sugar properties was too great to insure health, vigour, and spirits to the slave, he remitted two hours daily exertion; namely, one hour in the evening, which enabled the Negroes to prepare their supper in time, and to enjoy a longer, and consequently a more refreshing repose; and half an hour longer at breakfast and at dinner,

ner, as a relaxation from fatigue, and an additional ſpring to ſucceeding labour. During theſe intervals, it was Beaumarché's particular object to light up the Negro mind to cheerfulneſs; not only to deaden the thought of approaching toil, but to render that toil lightſome by the proſpect of ſucceeding comforts. "To hold up an unvaried picture of dreary exertion (ſaid he) is, of all methods, the moſt effectual to depreſs the mind, and to plunge it into deſpondency. To ſhut out the little joys and paſtimes of recreation from thoſe who, alas! have little elſe to look up to, is to exclude every relief of light from the piece, and to exhibit a ſucceſſive combination of dark ſhades, as unintereſting to the eye as it is diſmal to the imagination. Let them therefore be happy, poor ſouls, when they can (ſaid Beaumarché to his managers and overſeers); and when the hour of labour commences let them be *buſy*: but I will have no cutting and ſlaſhing on my property without my immediate knowledge. Puniſhment muſt, and ſhall

be, inflicted for crimes and misdemeanours; but *never* by the wantonness of passion or the caprice of power."

In addition to these immunities, Beaumarché subjoined the privilege of another day in each week, as a recess from general labour, and as the means of affording the Negro a *complete holiday*. "You give them (said he) Sunday to themselves as a day of rest and recreation; but, pray, how is this accomplished? This is the only day they have to cultivate their grounds, carry their provisions to market, and travel often between twenty and thirty miles before they return with the rewards of their industry. Is this a day of *rest?* can it be called a day of *recreation?* On the contrary, I do maintain, it is one of the most laborious the Negro has in the week. How, then, can he possibly look forward to it as a day of approaching comfort? He shall (except during crop time) have *Saturday* to look after, and arrange, his own little concerns, and Sunday to

enjoy

enjoy as he pleases. It may then, with some truth, be said that the Negro once a-week has a *holiday*." This last mark of Beaumarché's philanthropy was the rock he afterwards split upon, and proved the fatal cause of his ruin, and that of all his unhappy connections.

"That I could have easily predicted (said Mr Penguin, who had joined us a short time before, and who listened attentively to this part of Madame Bellanger's narrative), that I could have easily predicted; for a more wild and imprudent system, I think, I never yet heard of."

"*Pardonnez moi, Monsieur* (said Madame Bellanger); without any partiality to Monsieur Beaumarché, I think I may venture to affirm, that, excepting the over indulgence of *two succeeding* days of freedom in the week, which unquestionably was imprudent, every other part of his system was as judicious as it was humane. But I shall hasten to a conclusion, and furnish you with more convincing reasons for my holding this opinion.

For nearly twelve months, Beaumarché experienced all the ſatisfaction which a generous and compaſſionate mind feels on perceiving the good effects of inſtitutions founded on juſtice and mercy. His ſlaves increaſed daily in ſtrength, health, and cheerfulneſs; and even his managers and neighbours, while they reprobated the ſyſtem, were forced to confeſs that they were the fineſt looking Negroes in the iſland. In the meanwhile, every thing went on with alacrity and pleaſure. The dance and the ſong went hand in hand with labour; the ſound of the *tom tom* and the *bangah* was nightly heard on the eſtate; the Sunday was devoted to jollity; and entertainments, ſuch as conſtitute the Negro's principal delight, generally crowned the weekly toil. But while this excellent man exulted in the increaſing happineſs and comforts which his benevolence had diffuſed around him, he little dreamt of the influence which an over-relaxed ſyſtem had produced on uncultivated minds, deſtitute of moral virtues, and ſtrangers to the ſoftening

ties

ties of gratitude and affection. Had he contented himself with granting a moderate exemption from daily exertion, and allotted a certain portion of time occasionally for the arrangement of the Negro's private concerns, so as to have enabled him to participate of one day's recreation in the week, all might have been well, and his property and slaves have improved under such wise and lenient administration. But by devoting two complete days, immediately succeeding, to the wild ungovernable conduct of a set of beings insatiable in their love for pleasure, and boundless in their enjoyment of it, was laying a foundation for habits inimical to industry, and totally subversive of subordination; and so, when it was too late to apply a remedy, did he, to his fatal experience, find.

Instead of appropriating the time allotted to the cultivation of their grounds, raising their stock and provisions, and carrying them to market, these unhappy votaries to riot and ex-

ceſs thought, at laſt, of nothing but a gratification of paſſions originating in ſavage habits, and grown ſtronger by daily indulgence. Whole days were conſumed in revels; whole nights devoted to intemperance, without intermiſſion or repoſe. A ſudden change in proſperity is too often productive of arrogance among the moſt civilized nations; can it therefore be ſuppoſed that a ſudden over indulgence could be productive of good effects on minds uncultivated by ought to enlarge the underſtanding or humanize the heart? Little philoſophy is neceſſary to enable us to reaſon juſtly on this point; yet Beaumarché, with all his philoſophy and ſuperior abilities, through the medium of enthuſiaſtic humanity, ſaw objects indiſtinctly, and was deceived! While he liſtened with rapture to the nightly ſound of the *tongue* and the *tom tom* on his eſtate, and indulged himſelf in the pleaſing reflection that the happieſt children of bondage were enjoying comforts ariſing from a melioration of their condition, and burying a recollection of their misfortune

fortune in the ruſtic merriment of their hamlet, a very different train of operations was going on; and the very circumſtances which he vainly conceived contributed ſo effectually to the proſperity of his concerns, were the means of diſſenſion, diſorder, and final deſtruction of his property.

THE ſyſtem of recreation which Monſieur Beaumarché had eſtabliſhed on his eſtate, naturally drew together a concourſe of ſlaves from the adjacent properties every Sunday to *le Moulé*. A comparative view of condition as naturally followed, and led to animadverſions and murmurs, which may well be ſuppoſed could not be favourable to general order or reſignation. On the other hand, a conſtant participation of indulgence was attended with conſequences as natural as fatal among thoſe who neither reaſon with propriety nor act with diſcretion. From eaſe, comfort, and recreation, a love of pleaſure became the predominant deſire. This led to exceſs; exceſs to turbulence;

bulence; and turbulence to *rebellion*. A total diſregard to their own concerns, and an unwillingneſs to execute their uſual taſks, were the firſt ſymptoms which awakened ſuſpicions in the managers and overſeers, and at laſt rouſed Monſieur Beaumarché to a ſenſe of danger. He plainly perceived that matters had gone too far, and had continued too long; that the period of ſubordination had ceaſed, and that the dread of puniſhment was over. The daring demeanour of the Coromantee, and the ſullen aſpect of the Ebo, told him that they ſcorned not his threats, and diſregarded his admonitions. He therefore determined, by one bold ſtep, to intimidate by terror rather than enforce by precept; and, by the dint of intrepidity, to re-eſtabliſh ſubordination, or to periſh in the attempt. Having communicated his intentions to his managers and the different white perſons on the eſtate, they prepared themſelves accordingly; and the next morning, at the uſual hour of labour, accompanied him to the field.

WHEN

WHEN the ſlaves were all aſſembled, Beaumarché, in a firm tone, told them, that, ſeeing they had made ſuch a bad uſe of the indulgence and favours granted them, he had determined to reduce them to their former ſtate, until, by their behaviour, they evinced a complete reformation; and that whoever, in future, dared to refuſe to execute, or to murmur at his taſk, ſhould be puniſhed with ſeverity. A Coromantee, the ringleader of rebellion, bold and fierce as the tyger of his country, threw down, in token of diſobedience and contempt, the bill he held in his hand; and folding his arms, with a ſullen and determined countenance awaited the farther proceedings of his maſter. Twenty more of the ſame nation followed the example of their countryman. Beaumarché, prepared for the worſt, forgot not his reſolutions; and ſtepping up to the firſt aggreſſor, ordered him inſtantly to take up his bill, and proceed to work on pain of immediate death. "And who is to kill me! (returned this undaunted chief, eyeing his maſter

maſter with ineffable ſcorn) a *white* man?" —"*I*, villain! (ſaid Beaumarché, drawing a piſtol from his pocket, and preſenting it) *I will.*" The ſavage, enraged but not intimidated, ſnatched up the bill (not as an inſtrument of *labour* but of *deſtruction*), and Beaumarché, ſeeing no alternative, laid him inſtantly dead at his foot. The ſudden and unexpected fate of their leader, joined to the prompt and vigorous conduct of Beaumarché and his followers (each of whom, with cocked piſtols in their hands, denounced ſimilar vengeance on all who dared to rebel), ſtruck a panic into the minds of the moſt reſolute; and, for the time, cruſhed this premeditated and alarming inſurrection. The twenty Coromantees, who had thrown down their bills, were immediately ſeized, and put in irons for future puniſhment; and the reſt, profeſſing repentance and reſignation, proceeded, without murmuring, to the labours of the day.

AFTER a confinement of ſome days, which was

was judged neceſſary to impreſs on the Negro mind a proper ſenſe of recent tranſactions, the twenty Coromantees were ſolemnly brought forth, before all the ſlaves on the plantation, to receive that puniſhment publicly, which the nature of crimes ſo atrocious required. Previouſly to the infliction, Beaumarché addreſſed the whole body, not as a harſh and ſanguinary tyrant, but as a kind maſter and a friend. He repreſented to them, in glowing colours, the peculiar indulgences and comforts he had beſtowed upon them ſince he came among them, and their moſt ungrateful and unnatural return. He reminded them, that, ſince his arrival, there had not been one public puniſhment, and that the crack of the whip had ſcarcely been heard on the eſtate; but finding that favours were productive of diſorder, and gentleneſs, of diſobedience and rebellion, he was determined to convince them that he could be ſevere as well as lenient, and juſt as well as humane. He, therefore, left it to their own choice, whether, by their conduct, they were

to be treated, in future, as good Negroes, or punished as bad ones. If the last, he assured them, that no behaviour, on their side, however daring or desperate, would ever prevent him, for a moment, from inflicting the most exemplary and rigid punishment; whereas, on the other hand, no consideration would induce him to withhold favours from the diligent and the deserving; nor would any thing afford him more sincere pleasure than that of once more restoring to them those indulgences and exemptions they so lately enjoyed. The customary punishment of thirty-nine lashes was then applied; but, from the sullen fortitude with which they bore it, the managers were not inclined to augur very favourable consequences.

For some time, however, matters went on in the usual routine; and Beaumarché was at length so much convinced of the thorough reformation of his slaves, that the period was fixed upon, and even promised, for the restoration of all their former indulgences; with this

this difference only, that, inſtead of *Saturday*, Thurſday was the day allotted for the arrangement of their own concerns. But theſe regulations never took place; nor did the period ever arrive, when this kind and benevolent maſter reaped the rewards which his benevolent and humane ſyſtem ſo juſtly intitled him to. The ſpirit which a twelvemonth's eaſe and feſtivity had kindled, could not be eaſily extinguiſhed in minds prone to every exceſs of enjoyment, and become impatient under reſtraint. Former exemptions, excited no other ſenſations than the deſire to extend the unbounded limits of ſenſuality; while recent eſtabliſhments of order, reſtrictions, and puniſhments, dwelt inceſſantly on the mind, and filled the ſavage ſoul with bloody and ungovernable revenge.

AT the dead hour of night (may no ſuch ever viſit the inhabitants of theſe iſles!) the alarming ſound of the plantation ſhell was heard at a diſtance; and immediately after, one of the overſeers, ruſhing into our bedchamber,

brought intelligence, that all our ſlaves and thoſe of the neighbouring eſtates were in rebellion, and proceeding to inſtant deſtruction. Beaumarché had but juſt time to ſeize his arms, and give orders for aſſembling all the whites and the domeſtic ſlaves, when the ſhell blew at our Negro houſes, not a quarter of a mile diſtant. The firſt thing Beaumarché attended to, was to intruſt me and my infant child to the care of a favourite Mulatto domeſtic, with inſtructions to convey us with the utmoſt ſecrecy and diſpatch to Port Louis, whither, he promiſed to follow as ſoon as it was practicable. It is utterly out of the power of language to deſcribe what I ſuffered at this moment. Loſing all ſenſe of my own ſafety in the apprehenſion of my huſband's danger, I claſped him in a frantic embrace; and declaring I would not ſtir without him, implored him, by every expreſſion of love, frenzy, and deſpair, to accompany me. But with this requeſt he, in a few hurried, though endearing words, aſſured me, it was utterly impoſſible for him to comply.

"If

"If I abandon my property by flight, my dearest Harriette (said he), inevitable ruin must follow. Their first step, on missing me, would be to pursue, and, in all probability, overtake and sacrifice us to their present fury. By remaining here on the spot, undaunted and armed with my attendants, I shall, at least, be enabled to hear their complaints, and, by promises, ward off immediate destruction, till more effectual means can be procured to crush the insurrection." This, while he tenderly embraced me, was all he could say. Snatching up his son, then but eighteen months old, in his arms, he hurried me out of the room, half dressed as I was, to a back door, where the Mulatto slave and a horse waited to receive us.

TRAVELLING through deep ravins and solitary woods, we had proceeded by unfrequented paths a few miles from le Moule, when, ascending a steep hill, and hearing my guide exclaim, with astonishment and terror, *Mon*

Dieu! quel ſpectacle! I looked back, and beheld our whole property, houſes, works, and plantation, in one blaze. It is needleſs for me to tell you what my ſenſations were at that moment. Beaumarché occupied my whole mind; and had it not been for the remonſtrance of my guide, I actually would have returned, and, amidſt flames and deſtruction, aſcertained my huſband's fate, or have periſhed in the attempt. The poſſibility, however, of his having eſcaped, weighed more with me than any remonſtrance or conſideration of immediate danger. Arrived at Port Louis, our intelligence ſpread univerſal terror and conſternation. In a ſhort time multitudes came pouring in from the different adjacent properties; but neither Beaumarché nor any perſon from ours were among the number. At length ſome ſlaves, who, by ſkulking among the woods, had eſcaped the general ſlaughter, arrived, and narrated a tale which, even at this diſtance of time, I have not power to recapitulate. Suffice it to ſay, that, after doing every thing which humanity, prudence,

prudence, and courage, could execute, my dear and ill-fated husband, and all his followers, were massacred, in a manner too shocking for description, by those who had so often tasted his bounty; and who, under a government so liberal and mild, might have enjoyed ease, comfort, and content.

It was many months before general tranquillity was established by a suppression of the revolted slaves. A number of valuable properties were totally destroyed; among which were those of Beaumarché, this coffee plantation excepted; which, from its peculiar situation and distance from the seat of rebellion, happily escaped. During this interval of confusion and alarm, I remained at a friend's house in Port Louis, totally insensible to every thing that passed; and, unless it were the charms inseparable from the affections of a fond mother, I may, with truth, assert, that every other enjoyment was a stranger to my breast.

I HAD written home to my uncle an account of my calamity; and having acquainted him, at the same time, with my incapacity to engage in any thing relative to future management, I waited with a patient indifference till he either arrived himself, or deputed some person on the spot, to take charge of the remaining wreck of our fortune. In the interval, however, my friends here were not inactive. As I was, in every respect, by much the greatest sufferer, they exerted themselves warmly in my behalf; and, actuated by the double impulse of commiseration and benevolence, in a very considerable degree, retrieved my affairs from the desperate state in which the recent rebellion had involved them. From the number of revolted Negroes captured, it was judged expedient to make it a general concern; and as a restoration of those to their former residence would, of all plans, have been the most dangerous, it was determined to distribute the revolters in small lots among those whose slaves had escaped infection, and who, on their side,

ſide, agreed to exchange an equal number in return. By this judicious and humane regulation, a great many of theſe unhappy wretches were ſaved from execution, and the different ſufferers conſiderably indemnified for their recent loſs. The good effects of this ſyſtem was experienced by me in particular; for every perſon being deſirous to contribute to my relief, above 300 choice ſlaves were, on my uncle's arrival, ready to be employed on his property as ſoon as matters were in a ſituation to receive them. This, however, could not be accompliſhed without conſidetable time and expence; and my uncle, now advanced in life, and unwilling to embark on new and extenſive operations, judged it moſt adviſable to diſpoſe of one eſtate, reſerving the other, well ſtocked and full handed, for the behoof of his grand-nephew, my ſweet little CHARLES, the innocent companion of my ſufferings, and ſoother of my diſtreſs.

MY uncle's generoſity ſtopt not here. Obſerving

ſerving my extreme averſion to engage again in tranſactions which recalled a remembrance of late calamities, and agitated my mind with horror and alarm, he, unknown to me, arranged a plan of operations, which nothing but the beſt and moſt benevolent diſpoſition could have ſuggeſted. A ſhort time after his arrival, he propoſed, by way of exerciſe and amuſement, a ſhort excurſion into the country. During our ride, he took occaſion to inquire if I had ever ſeen our little coffee plantation, which (he ſaid) he had ſome thoughts of keeping? On my anſwering in the negative, he informed me, that we were little more than a mile from it, and finding I had no objection, we ſtruck ſuddenly into a path that winded up a ſteep mountain, through ſcenes the moſt romantic and pictureſque I had ever beheld.

On reaching the ſummit, and obſerving nothing that announced habitation, I could not help telling my uncle, that his miles were rather long ones. To which he only anſwered

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with a ſmile, not altogether ſo long as you imagine. As we continued ſlowly deſcending, my eye, all at once, was arreſted by a picture compoſed of the moſt intereſting group of rural beauties Nature could well produce. A ſloping lawn, overſpread with the moſt vivid verdure, occupied about a mile of a charming valley, interſperſed with ſwelling hills, planted with coffee, adorned with the *cabbage*, the *cocoa-nut*, and the *cotton tree*, in all their towering glory, and ſurrounded by abrupt cliffs and ſtupendous mountains, whoſe unmoleſted foreſts ſeemed to wave their lofty branches in the clouds. In the midſt of this romantic retreat ſtood a ſimple, though neat, habitation, encircled with the orange tree, the ſhaddock, and the lime, in fruits and in bloſſoms. The green banana, waving and ruſtling to the breeze, gave a real, as well as an imaginary, ſenſe of coolneſs; while the thick umbrage of the ſpreading tamarind tree, as you entered, caſt a ſombre and grateful ſhade around. The ſtillneſs and awful grandeur of the ſcene gave a double

double effect to the mingled ſounds that occaſionally caught the ear. A ſmall gang of ſlaves, with laughter and ſong, were picking coffee on the ſurrounding ſlopes. The roaring of the mountain ſtream came ſoftened at a diſtance; while a group of little naked ſavages ran clamorouſly ſporting before the door. On our approach, I was not a little ſurpriſed to find CATON, my truſty mulatto guide, ready to receive us; and on entering the houſe, my aſtoniſhment increaſed, on perceiving two or three favourite female ſlaves (whom I formerly conceived had periſhed in the general wreck) come running up to me, with a mingled expreſſion of joy and ſorrow in their countenances, which touched me ſenſibly. "God bleſs you, Miſſis! (ſaid they all in one voice) God *Amighty* bleſs you, good Miſſis! We once happy wid you, Miſſis; but Maſſa—good Maſſa dead!— we neba be happy no more!" My tears were all the anſwer I could give to theſe kind and mournful ſalutations: and my uncle perceiving my affliction, conducted me to a neat hall,

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handſomely furniſhed; where, having called for ſome wine, he changed the converſation, by enquiring after M. Bellanger. "And what have you got for dinner, Quaſhiba (ſaid my uncle)?"—"Me have got peppa pot, Maſſa (ſaid old Quaſhiba)—Me know Miſſis love em—Me have got craw-fiſh and mountain mullet freſh from de riva—One fine noung kid be kill this morning, Maſſa—and me have nice fat capon at de fia."—"Bravo! (ſaid my uncle, laughing) M. Bellanger, I find, lives like a prince; and your miſtreſs and I will dine with him to-day, Quaſhiba."—"God bleſs you, Maſſa! (ſaid Quaſhiba) me go make ting ready." My uncle then informed me that M. Bellanger was the gentleman who ſuperintended the property. "He has been here (ſaid he) above ten years; during which time he has, in every reſpect, given me much reaſon to be pleaſed with his conduct. Independently of great worth and modeſty, he has a thorough knowledge of the treatment of the ſlaves, who all adore him, and who, ſince his reſidence here, have, in con-

sequence of his judicious treatment, increased nearly one half. He has felt the crushing hand of misfortune, poor man! (said my uncle) as well as others; and as he is a gentleman by birth, manners, and education, I have placed him here, in a situation which is not disadvantageous, and with which he is perfectly satisfied. You see he is a man of taste by the neatness and *propreté* of every thing around him. The house, indeed, is much larger than he has any occasion for; but as my brother and I loved the man, we allowed him to act, in every respect, according to his own fancy; and I am really charmed with the improvements he has made since my absence. In the evening we will take a walk, and explore more minutely the beauties of this little spot; which, I assure you, are not few. M. Bellanger can furnish us with excellent beds; and I cannot help thinking (said my uncle), that you will sleep fully as comfortably here as in the burning town of Port Louis.

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For the first time, during six months, I sat down to a repast, where comfort, serenity, and peace, presided. There was something in the whole of this day's entertainment that operated on my mind sensibly; something that mitigated my pains, soothed my melancholy, and poured a healing balm into a wounded spirit. The novelty and unexpected beauty of the place; the quiet, content, and apparent happiness, that seemed to reign every where around; the interview with those whom I never expected to have seen, and who all vied with each other in rendering me offices of kindness; the cheerfulness and hilarity of my good uncle's conversation, joined to the mild, sensible, and engaging manners of M. Bellanger—all conspired to deaden the poignancy of recent affliction, and dispose the wearied wo-worn mind to resignation and repose.

In the evening my uncle, during the influence of a refreshing breeze, led me through a variety of scenery, new, interesting, and de-

lightful. The hour of labour had juſt ceaſed, and the ſlaves were returning, with merriment and joy, each to their reſpective home, to prepare their ſupper; the Negro's chief and favourite repaſt. The departing rays of the ſetting ſun, faintly gilded with a ſoftened light the tops of the ſurrounding mountains, leaving a reviving coolneſs in the valley below; where the orange, the lemon, the pimento, and the lime, ſcattered their rich and united fragrance. The brightning verdure of the Guinea-graſs paſture, ſweetly contraſted the plantain walks deeper green; the ſtream rolled bubbling thro' the banana grove; and, over and anon, the ſhaggy goats, that browzed along the neighbouring rocks, in tender reſponſes anſwered to their complaining younglings below. But why (ſaid Madame Bellanger) need I deſcribe what you all hear and ſee at this moment? In this identical plantain walk where we now ſit, my uncle, perceiving the increaſing pleaſure I experienced from an aſſemblage of objects at once peaceful, picturesque, and ſublime, aſked

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me what I thought of M. Bellanger's situation? "I think, Sir (said I), it is perfect paradise: never did I behold any more completely to my taste."—"It is rather retired (said my uncle, with seeming indifference), and will therefore, by many, be considered gloomy and dull."—"The *retirement* (said I) is to me one of its principal attractions. The glare and bustle of the world are calculated only for the happy, the busy, or the gay; but to those who have experienced adversity, and from whom the essential sources of enjoyment are for ever dried up, a retreat from general amusement must be a relief; and a security from intrusion, a charm: at least (said I, with tears) they are so to me."—"My dear Harriette (said my uncle, taking me kindly by the hand), I rejoice to hear these sentiments. My scheme, I perceive, has succeeded to my wish; for, to be plain with you, my motive in bringing you hither was no other than to sound your inclinations relative to your making this spot your future place of residence. Having now ar-

ranged matters ſo as to be enabled to return and paſs the remainder of my days in Europe, I mean to ſhake myſelf free of all Weſt Indian concerns, and content myſelf with the fortune I have already acquired; which, thank God, is amply ſufficient. For this purpoſe, it is my intention, previouſly to my departure, to make over the whole of the remaining property, now well ſtocked and prepared for future improvement, to your infant ſon: and it reſts with you, as a mother and a friend, to render this effectual, by ſuperintending it till he arrive at an age when, with propriety, he can take care of it himſelf. In the intermediate time, your reſidence here will be ſuited to your inclinations; and, through the aſſiſtance of M. Beldanger, every thing conducted with eaſe and tranquillity. I have prepared him for the event; and, I am perſuaded, nothing will be wanting on his part to advance your intereſt, and render your ſituation agreeable. The preſent plantation, as it now ſtands, with the ſlaves and every thing pertaining to it, I ſhall

 aſſign

aſſign over to you and your daughter, my ſweet Antoinnette, whom I love with the affection of a father, and to whoſe education my beſt and unwearied attentions ſhall be dedicated. Till this is accompliſhed, your time here can neither be unpleaſant nor unprofitable. It will be chiefly occupied in the agreeable office of an inſtructor to your young ſon, and as a guardian of thoſe properties which, at a future period, will devolve to each of your children. Add to this, that by the time education calls one home, the other will be reſtored to you with every improvement to ſweeten your retirement, by the poſſeſſion of an accompliſhed companion, to enliven your ſociety, and a confident to ſoothe and ſolace your diſtreſs.

It is unneceſſary, I preſume, to remark, that an addreſs ſo kind, liberal, and affectionate, filled me with gratitude and eſteem, and that the reſult of my uncle's humanity was my immediate retreat hither. I have now reſided in this peaceful retirement about fifteen years; during

during which time I have experienced increasing pleasure; while Time, the grand deadener of affliction, has, in a great measure, softened the acuteness of former distress. One of the principal sources of my happiness has been the growing prosperity of those immediately under my protection; and by the admirable management and assistance of M. Bellanger, who has gone hand in hand with me in all my plans, we have happily established a system which, to every mind endowed with humanity, must afford real and substantial pleasure. From thirty slaves, which, exclusively of a few domestics, were all the Negroes on the plantation when I arrived, the number has now increased to fifty-five. But this (said Madame Bellanger) is a small consideration, when we reflect that all these are surrounded with comforts; are regular, decent, and orderly, in their conduct; kind to one another; and so attached to me, and pleased with their condition, that they prefer it to absolute *freedom*, an offer which they have repeatedly refused. "God preserve us!

us! (said Penguin, who listened attentively to this last part of the narrative) God preserve us, *Madame!* this is wonderful indeed! How, in the name of necromancy, have you performed such miracles, and produced a revolution in the Negro mind which was never before heard of?"—"The revolution is not so miraculous (said Madame Bellanger), when circumstances are duly attended to. I shall indeed confess, that what I have happily accomplished could not be practicable *every where*; but my situation being peculiarly favourable, I availed myself of the opportunity to introduce a *new mode of treatment*: the particulars of which I shall now explain.

THE condition of the Negro, not only with regard to mere slavery, but to the various miseries annexed to a state of savage and unsocial barbarism, had often struck my mind forcibly, and as often induced me to investigate the cause, with a view to remedy the evil. The more I examined, and the longer I reasoned

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on this subject, the more was I convinced, that the principal source of calamity was a total neglect of institutions, calculated to warm the mind insensibly from habits of intemperance, and make it enamoured of *social and domestic peace*. Could I only convince these poor creatures (said I), that they would gain more by kind and uniform attention to one another, than by a gratification of temporary and precarious indulgence, much might be done. These unhappy jars and perpetual animosities, which disturb and destroy tranquillity, might cease; and, instead of hatred and dissension, very different consequences ensue. Marriage, properly established between the parties, I well knew was, of all other methods, the most likely to check irregularity, and produce general union: but marriage, without something to render it binding, solemn, and attractive, was next to nothing. A sense of *decency* was first to be implanted, before conjugal fidelity could even be *understood*; and an impression of modesty, justice, and attachment, made on the unreasoning

unreasoning mind, before either shame could attend turpitude, or conscious rectitude spring from decorum. To have attempted this by *precept*, would have been as ridiculous as ineffectual; but as interest never fails to operate in all situations, and as every thing conspired to favour the attempt, I communicated my plan to M. Bellanger; who, heartily approving of it, engaged to contribute, by every means in his power, to carry it into execution.

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My Negroes, it must be observed, were few in number, and these all chosen and valuable slaves. Their place of residence likewise was so remote and completely separated from other properties, that little or no intercourse, and consequently few bad examples, could operate to counteract the effects of good institutions. But what I considered as one of the greatest advantages, was the males and females being nearly equal in number; and, except three or four old Creoles, none above the age of thirty. Thus situated, my preliminary steps towards a

general

general reformation of manners was, first to encourage marriage, and then to render it as binding and lasting as possible. This I attempted, by leaving every one to their own choice, and having the ceremony performed by M. Bellanger with solemnity before me, and invariably in the presence of all the slaves on the plantation, to whom I gave a marriage feast, instituted for the occasion. These ceremonies were always accompanied with donations and advantages to the parties, with promises of additional favours for an adherence to conjugal duty, and with denunciations of punishment and disgrace for the smallest infringement of fidelity. *Ne riez pas*, Monsieur Benguin (said Madame Bellanger); do not laugh. I am convinced, from long experience, that a neglect of these essential duties is the grand cause, not only of all the Negro's misconduct, but of our subsequent misfortune. Let us only for a moment reflect what would be the consequence among ourselves were we reduced to similar situations. If every man had

had as many wives, and theſe as many huſbands, as the Negroes, where ſhould we look for honour or attachment on one ſide; or modeſty, fidelity, or love on the other? Would not all be envy, rage, and uproar, as it too often is among them? But, excluſively of every other conſideration, how can we ever expect an increaſe of *population* amidſt ſuch unreſtrained and ſcandalous irregularity? How look for attention and affection among parents, when no parent feels the tie? Can the huſband claſp his reputed offspring to his heart, when he knows not who is the father? Can the mother watch over and nurture with tenderneſs her infant charge, when ſhe ſees no parent who claims it as his own, feels for its wants, or provides for its neceſſities? Impoſſible! Yet ſuch is the real ſtate of matters among the ill-fated Negroes; the fatal conſequences of which are in theſe iſlands yearly and daily but too evident. While population is unattended to, *importation* neceſſarily muſt follow. A freſh ſucceſſion of ignorant, and,

for ſome time, uſeleſs wretches, torn from their country and friends, poured in upon us to ſupply deficiencies; and ere they can be ſerviceable to us, or uſeful to themſelves, expoſed to a variety of ſufferings, which, by attention and perſeverance on our parts, might be greatly prevented."—"And did you experience no difficulties in eſtabliſhing this ſyſtem of *matrimonial fidelity?*" (ſaid Penguin with a ſneer)—"*Many* (ſaid Madame Bellanger). It was of all other taſks the moſt arduous I had to encounter."—"I believe ſo" (ſaid Penguin, exultingly).—"Perſeverance, however, and, let me add, a little ſeverity, at laſt prevailed (ſaid Madame Bellanger). Corporal puniſhment I ever diſliked; it degrades, depreſſes, and hardens the mind; and, unleſs for the commiſſion of crimes altogether atrocious or dangerous, I have generally laid it aſide. The mode I adopted, on the preſent occaſion, to repreſs vice and puniſh diſobedience, I have reaſon to think, was much more effectual.—I ſhall briefly mention it.

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As a general encouragement to marriage, and as an inducement to an implicit adherence to its laws, I indulged the parties with an additional day of recreation in every month; and as a farther mark of my favour, I, on the evening of the same day, established an entertainment or little festival, partly as a commemoration of matrimonial union, and partly as an example of cheerfulness, joined with the utmost regularity and temperance. I likewise made a practice of visiting often the houses of the new married pair, enquiring particularly after their little concerns and comforts; and while I examined their hogsties, poultry, provisions, furniture, and shields of apparel, as proofs of my approbation, and as an encouragement to future industry, I used generally to leave some marks of my bounty behind me. These gratifications and peculiar attentions, which (leaving gratitude out of consideration) operate powerfully on the Negro mind, were all withheld from the *unmarried*, and instantly withdrawn from the infringers of matrimonial

peace and decorum The day allotted for *recreation* was to them a day of *labour*; the hours of feſtivity, dance, and merry-making, were to them the hours of ſolitude, dejection, and mental pain. Add to this, that while a growing proſperity attended the meritorious, a ſtationary and depreſſing penury accompanied the bad. The bounty, the kind attentions, the preſence, and the ſmiles of their miſtreſs, no longer decorated their little cabins, ornamented their perſons, or cheriſhed their hearts; the happineſs and cheerful looks of their fellow-labourers eternally met their eye; the taunts and ſcoffs of the unfeeling perpetually wounded their ear. All was unprofitable, ſad, and inſupportable; till, urged by neceſſity, and overcome by remorſe, they uſed frequently to watch an opportunity, throw themſelves on their knees before me, and, with tears and lamentations, exclaim, "*O Miſſis, me bad Nega! Make me good; me neba be bad no more!*"

It was by ſuch methods as theſe (ſaid Madame

dame Bellanger) that I at length conquered the obſtinacy of habitual intemperance; broke down the barriers to domeſtic harmony, and weaned the ſavage mind from ſcenes of irregularity, to order, induſtry, and content. I muſt, however, confeſs, that before this was accompliſhed, I experienced much trouble and repeated vexation: and ſuch is the extreme perverſeneſs, and ſuch the natural propenſities of this turbulent creature, that, to render my ſyſtem effectual and permanent, I was forced to diſpoſe of ſome of the moſt incorrigible, although otherwiſe the moſt valuable Negroes in my poſſeſſion, in order to preſerve the reſt from infection. I have now, for ſome years, reaped the fruits of my labours. While I perceive my property in ſlaves yearly increaſe, I have the double conſolation of ſeeing theſe yearly improve in morals and advance in proſperity. My young Negroes have been all brought up under my own eye; and, next to the joys of maternal love, I declare, before God, that of all the other circumſtances an-

nexed to my ſituation, that of attending to the inſtruction and comfort of theſe little wretches, has afforded me the moſt heartfelt delight. Theſe I have educated in the principles of our religion; and as the piety and excellent qualities of M. Bellanger were admirably calculated for the taſk, he, at my requeſt, has acted for ſome years as general paſtor to the whole flock. In a ſhort time you will hear, and, if you incline, ſee them all at veſpers; a ceremony regularly performed every evening, together with matins, and a ſhort moral diſcourſe, delivered by Monſieur Bellanger every Sunday morning. I am not (ſaid Madame Bellanger, on ſeeing Penguin ſmile contemptuouſly) enthuſiaſt enough to think that I can make all my Negroes *good Catholics*; far leſs do I ſuppoſe that the principles of our faith can be inſtilled effectually into the uncultivated minds of a rude multitude imported from the coaſts of Africa. But it has ever been my opinion, that before moral precepts can be inculcated, or vicious habits overcome, EXAMPLE muſt

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firſt take the lead; and that *no* example can be effectual without a previous conviction in the minds of the inſtructed, that the inſtructors are governed by the pure influence of juſtice, mercy, and truth: an impreſſion not to be made on the ignorant and unthinking part of mankind, if the external appearance of PIETY is totally neglected. There are few minds ſo completely rude, as to be inſenſible to ſome kind of devotion; no deſcription of people, however ſavage, but who have ſome object of adoration, to whom they look up for help in the day of neceſſity, praiſe in the hour of delivery, or invoke on the ratification of any thing ſolemn and binding between man and man. To throw therefore the appearance of piety aſide, or to neglect thoſe external marks which never fail to operate upon the human mind, is, in fact, to conceal, amidſt all the beauty of moral rectitude, and all the precepts of exemplary duty, an object the moſt luminous and attractive to allure, enlighten, and guide, the darkened multitude to the paths of virtue.

virtue. I have therefore (concluded Madame Bellanger) made it an *invariable* rule, to present to the Negro mind something *superior* to morals, in order to bring these more effectually into practice. I have instituted regular devotion among ourselves, to impress a thorough conviction of our sincerity and worth on the slave; and while I have thus accompanied *good works* with solemn observances, the progress which my young disciples have made, leave no doubt remaining, that my institution has materially tended to a general reformation of manners among them. But it is now near the hour of vespers, and I must attend my charge. Is it agreeable to you (said Madame Bellanger, with a benignant smile) to accompany me, and witness the truth of my assertion?"

END OF MADAME BELLANGER'S HISTORY.

MADAME

MADAME BELLANGER having ended her intereſting narrative, we readily accepted of her invitation, and accompanied her to veſpers. The ſpot deſtined for the performance of this nightly duty was the back yard of the dwelling-houſe; in the centre of which ſtood a large tamarind tree, whoſe ſhade gave an additional ſolemnity to the ſcene which was about to be performed. Under this tree, on our arrival, we found all the Negroes aſſembled, ranged in rows, and kneeling in a devout and orderly manner. A piazza or back gallery to the houſe, which roſe about eight or ten ſteps from the ground, was occupied by M. Bellanger, Madame Bellanger, her daughter, and the domeſtic ſlaves; and which, from its ſituation, was extremely well calculated for exhibiting that fervour of devotion, ſo particularly diſplayed by the paſtor and proprietor during the whole ſervice. I was altogether ſurpriſed at the propriety, decency, and correctneſs of thoſe, whoſe ſituation and habits naturally prediſpoſed me to expect ſomething very different.

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All was attention, decorum, and devotion. The responses and accompaniments were performed with the utmost exactness; and as a musical ear is almost inseparable from the Negro, every tone was in perfect unison; every cadence in harmony. In my life I never heard a concert that came so home to my heart! I looked at Mrs Penguin, and found her eyes swimming in rapture: I gave a glance to her husband, whose fulness even evinced satisfaction.

When the service, which lasted about half an hour, was over, Madame Bellanger stepped forward to the front of the gallery, and addressed her stable audience in the following words: "My *good Negroes!* you have now offered up your thanks to your Maker for the benefits which his mercy bestows on you daily. Blessed are they who maintain his laws by doing good actions to one another; observing decency, order, and sobriety, and a cheerful obedience to their superiors, who will always take pleasure in rewarding

warding their good conduct.—This is the *Marriage feaſt*.—Go, my good Negroes! go, be happy and be orderly; and, remember, that your Miſtreſs firſt gave it to make you *kind huſbands, loving wives, affectionate parents, and dutiful children*; and that as long as you continue ſuch, you ſhall never want the Marriage ſupper!"—"*God Almighty bleſs you, good Miſſis!*" was the general and clamorous anſwer.

In an inſtant all was rapture and tumultuous joy. The inſtruments of muſic ſounded to the change—the circle was formed—the dancers took their ſtation in the centre—fifty voices roſe in wild uniſon; while the bangah, the tom-tom, and the clapping of hands, accompanied the general chorus. At nine o'clock the dance ceaſed; and was immediately ſucceeded by a good ſupper, ſuited to the Negro palate, and, for additional comfort, ſerved up in a detached houſe, where each could enjoy the freedom of the feaſt unreſtrained by the preſence of his ſuperior. A draught of generous,

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beer and a dram were diſtributed to every grown perſon: a bottle of good punch crowned the banquet. At ten, preciſely, M. Bellanger's entrance was the ſignal for departure; when this joyous and happy aſſembly broke up, and, ſinging, laughing, and contented, repaired to their home and repoſe.

NEXT morning, at breakfaſt, we could not avoid jointly complimenting Madame Bellanger on the uncommon effects which her admirable and humane inſtitution had produced. For my own part, I was ſuch an enthuſiaſt on the ſubject, that I could hardly talk or think of any thing elſe. "Is it your opinion (ſaid I), Madame Bellanger, that any ſuch plan as that which you have eſtabliſhed could be *generally* adopted, or ſimilar conſequences *generally* produced?" Penguin gave me one of his *pleaſant* ſmiles. I would fain hope (ſaid Madame Bellanger) that, at ſome future period, it might; and yet (continued ſhe), from the knowledge and experience I have had of

Negro

Negro habits and diſpoſitions, I am forced to confeſs that I have my doubts. I have already ſpecified the very favourable cauſes which enabled me to introduce innovations in general practice, and bring my ſyſtem to perfection; not to mention the local advantages of retirement and diſtant vicinity, which I conſider of great conſequence. The qualities of my ſlaves (who were all picked and ſelected), together with the ſmallneſs of their number, are circumſtances rarely conjoined, and conſequently ſeldom to be expected. Many of my Negroes likewiſe were Creoles, brought up as domeſtics under the eye of Europeans from their infancy; and the few who were advanced in life, were not only eminent for their ſuperior conduct and experience, but placed in ſituations calculated to preſent an example to the reſt; and by the comforts and wealth they poſſeſſed, to impreſs a ſenſe of the advantages ariſing from induſtry: the ſureſt hold we can have of the Negro, and the moſt effectual charm to attach him to the ſoil. But what I conſider as the

chief cause of my reform (said Madame Belanger), was the poſſeſſion of ſuch a perſon as Mr Bellanger; who, excluſive of the juſtice, benevolence, and inflexible integrity, which uniformly accompanied his adminiſtration, exhibited in his whole demeanour ſuch a daily picture of mild piety, temperance, and regularity, as could not fail to ſtamp on the minds of the moſt inſenſible, ſomething deeper than the impreſſions of SUPERIORITY and COMMAND. Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe advantages, and they certainly are great, you have heard how difficult it was for me to effectuate my purpoſe; and that before I could produce a general adherence to order, decency, and moderation, I was forced to part with ſome of the moſt valuable ſlaves in my poſſeſſion.

"BUT I hope, Madame (ſaid I, with much ſimplicity), that what you have done will induce others to follow your example, and effect a general reformation." At this remark, Penguin burſt out into a loud laugh; and giving me a

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supercilious look, peculiar to him, said, "What the devil, Sir! are you simple enough to think, that what Madame Bellanger has, with such difficulty, accomplished here in fifteen years with thirty or forty slaves, can be done with thirty or forty thousand? Is a manager, or the proprietor of an estate, to give *dances* and *marriage festivals* every month to four or five hundred Negroes, among whom as many hundred vices predominate? Or is it to be hoped, that a savage assemblage of new Negroes from Affica are to be influenced by the ties of *religion, morality, decency*, and all these fine things, the same as a few choice slaves, almost all natives, and tutored with the care and kindness of children? No, no, by Jove! If we mean to succeed, and wish to preserve our throats from being cut, we must pursue very different methods indeed. Instead of *feasts*, we must impress *fear*; instead of *indulgencies*, we must attend to *discipline*. Nothing agrees with this infernal turbulent animal so much as strict subordination; nothing keeps down his cursed

paſſions ſo effectually as *flagging*."—"Ah! exclaimed Madame Bellanger, with infinite diſguſt) *Vous Anglois ſont cruel!*"—"Thank you, Madame (ſaid Penguin); but if we are cruel, your favourite and admired children oblige us to be ſo; for experience, which I take to be better than *theory*, tells us that it is abſolutely neceſſary."—"I deny it (ſaid Madame Bellanger), for without theory I have produced *proofs* to the contrary."—"Come, come, Madame! (ſaid Penguin) we are not to be led away by a particular inſtance. You have had fifteen years experience of choice ſlaves; I have had near double that experience of very ordinary ones. We ſhall allow you every degree of merit for what you have accompliſhed; nay, I freely confeſs, that what I have ſeen has not only pleaſed but aſtoniſhed me. The ſyſtem you have adopted is admirable; but it can never be a *general* one: the thing is impoſſible."—"Why?" (ſaid Madame Bellanger)—"Becauſe it is *impracticable* (ſaid Penguin); and this, to every perſon generally acquainted

acquainted with the nature of West Indian property, is apparent. *Your* Negroes, my dear Madam, may be said to be a family nurtured and brought up under your own eye, where the wants, the vices, and the virtues, of each individual are watched, detected, and attended to the instant they appear. But will any person of experience gravely assert, that this can be done on an estate where there are ten times the number of slaves, composed of various tribes, manners, habits, and dispositions? To effect such would require for every manager we have, *ten*; and for every overseer, *twenty*. But even admitting we *could* ascertain such important facts, how are we to apply remedies for each disease? After we have minutely investigated character, so as to enable us to form a just idea of the peculiar faults and excellencies of each, how are we to render the general mass pure? how are we to prevent contamination? Are we to separate the sheep from the goats, as you have done, by disposing of the bad to preserve the good from infection?

Were this mode generally adopted, I am afraid, Madame, we ſhould have very few Negroes remaining to cultivate our properties. I mean not to ſhock you by ſaying any thing harſh or illiberal; but with all your partialities, you muſt allow that, in the preſent ſtate of the Negro, there are many things ingrafted on his nature ſo incorrigibly bad and provokingly perverſe, as to blaſt and deſtroy the few fruits and bloſſoms which occaſionally appear. Their tempers and diſpoſitions ——"

"I SHALL readily allow (interrupted Madame Bellanger), that there are many unamiable and harſh traits in the Negro character; but what has been done on *our part* to render them a better, a wiſer, or a more amiable people? Has one ſtep been taken to poliſh the ruggedneſs of their nature?—has a ſingle method been tried to ſoften the ferocity of their paſſions, or ſoothe the aſperity of a condition, rendered irritable by bondage, and hardened by deſpair?—has the hand of benevolence

lence been ever ſtretched out, to aſſure them they would be cheriſhed or protected from oppreſſion?—has the tear of commiſeration been ever ſhed, to tell them that we feel for calamities which we cannot remove?—Oh, Monſieur Penguin, Monſieur Penguin (exclaimed the good Madame Bellanger, warmed with the ſubject), tell me not of ſpecks and tints in the *Negro* character, where there are ſuch dark and diſmal ſhades in *our own!* Let us firſt rectify our own ways, before we arraign the conduct of others; let us firſt ſhow an example of virtue, moderation, and juſtice, among ourſelves, before we condemn crimes ariſing from ignorance and habit; crimes which are doubly riveted by our own ſhameleſs vices and enbliſhing enormities."—"What are theſe, Madame" (ſaid Penguin)—"*What are they!* (ſaid Madame Bellanger) they are too many. Among us here, I have heard and ſeen too much to convince me, that a fearful loſs neglect of morals is every where exhibited to the eye of thoſe whom we have the impu-

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dence to condemn for vice and irregularity; and if what has been said of *your* islands be true, the *example* must still be worse."—"For heaven's sake (said Penguin) let us hear what these horrid crimes and misdemeanours are."

"MONSIEUR PENGUIN (said Madame Belslanger, gravely), I hope you will believe me incapable of making invidious comparisons between nations; but since you have forced this subject upon me, I shall freely communicate what I have heard relative to the conduct of the English in the different islands, and as freely deliver my sentiments on the consequences. If I have been wrong informed, you will set me right; for I wish not to disgrace my arguments by prejudice, far less to support them by error. In the first place, Monsieur Penguin, I have been told, that, in all your islands, the CLERGY are not only worthless but abandoned."—"O, by heavens! I can say very little for *them*" (said Penguin.—"*Et bien* (said Madame Belslanger), I am likewise informed, Monsieur,

Monſieur, that the conſequences of this admirable example in your *paſtors* are evident in the conduct of the general inhabitants, with regard to *religious obſervances*; and if we may be allowed (ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile) to judge of the whole by the few we have here among us, I ſhould ſuppoſe that your churches are not generally *over-crowded*." Penguin remained ſilent. "In the next place, Monſieur, I have been informed, that, on the whole, your ſlaves are much leſs happy than ours; that is to ſay, that, while you impoſe the ſame hardſhips, you interſperſe not (if I may uſe the expreſſion) the ſame comforts to render thoſe hardſhips more ſupportable; that, while your puniſhments are equally ſevere for crimes, your rewards and indulgences are not equally benevolent to recompenſe and encourage virtue; that, while the command and the frown of ſeverity are kept up to deter the ſmile of approbation, the tribute of applauſe, and even the relaxation of kind and familiar converſation, are too often withheld."—"We do not make *compa-*

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sions of them as the French do (said Penguin), I must confess."—"I understand you perfectly (said Madame Bellanger, nodding her head); but we shall wave this discussion, and proceed to what I conceive of much greater consequence.

You have already admitted that your clergy are extremely bad, that a *regular* and *general* attention to religious duty is neglected throughout your islands: let me now ask you, Sir, what is the general conduct of your managers, overseers, attorneys, and even proprietors of estates, with regard to that *delicate intercourse* betwixt the sexes, so conspicuously notorious here?"—"Much the same, I suppose" (said Penguin, with indifference).—"Then, Sir, allow me to say, that, of all others, the ENGLISH have the least right to complain of Negro vices, passions, and irregularities. What! shall the violaters of what is sacred, decent, and becoming, dare to arraign the intemperance of those whose ignorance they ought to enlighten,

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and whose morals they ought to improve? Is a diſregard to religious duties, and a diſſoluteneſs of manners among ſuperiors, to produce a contrary conduct in their ſlaves? How is it *poſſible*, Sir, to impreſs on the minds of the latter a favourable opinion of the honour, juſtice, or ſincerity, of the former, when they ſee the moſt aweful obligations neglected, and the moſt ſolemn duties caſt aſide? How, in the nature of things, inculcate moderation, or ſuppreſs paſſions, among the ſavage and the illiterate, who, as often as they look round, perceive ſuch ſcandalous licentiouſneſs daily practiſed by thoſe whom they are inſtructed to reverence; nay, by the very perſon who wiſhes to impreſs them with ideas not only of his ſuperior wiſdom, but of his ſuperior worth? Do they not ſee this white man of power ſingle out the ſable object of his deſire, and *order* her to his bed? Do they not ſee this man of *equity* ſometimes encroach on the property of another? And while the wife is ſnatched from the boſom of her huſband,

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and the bonds of conjugal affection are broken, do they not hear this man of *mercy and morality* denounce punishment to overcome reluctance, and profer rewards to lure her from the paths of decorum to those of vice and infidelity? Is not every trait of modesty undermined by the emissaries he employs for seduction? Is not every principle of delicacy eradicated by the rapacity of his inordinate pleasures? Does not another, and another, and *another*, succeed to the station of infamy? nay, even after the favourite Sultana is chosen and admitted near the throne, is not the handkerchief occasionally dropt day after day in the Haram of his licentiousness, as a proof of the *fickleness of his own attachment*, and as an *example of moderation, fidelity, and faith to others?* Are *these* the methods, Monsieur Penguin, to reform and civilize the Negro mind to temperance? Are these the pictures to allure the ignorant and inconsiderate to the shrine of harmony, peace, and love? O! how I admire such subtle casuists, who argue so acutely a-

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gainſt themſelves! How admirable their deductions;—how beautiful their declamations, againſt vices of their own creation!"

You are an admirable painter, Madame Bellanger (ſaid Penguin, whoſe countenance during this animated addreſs had undergone ſeveral changes); you draw with a *glowing pencil*."—"Is the picture true or falſe" (ſaid Madame Bellanger)?—"Rather overcharged in ſome parts (ſaid Penguin); but, on the whole, perhaps tolerably juſt. But what would you have us do, Madame? Are our managers, &c. to become Anchorites amidſt ſurrounding temptations? Or would you have them abſolutely married to a Black or a Mulatto wench, merely to prove their *conjugal fidelity?* Can you really ſeriouſly believe, that a greater attention to religious duties among the whites, would operate on the minds of thoſe who hardly know the difference between a SUPREME BEING and an *Obi Man?* Or does your zeal carry you ſo *very* far, as to conceive that a ge-

neral attention to decency, temperance, conſtancy, and affection, would ever prevail among ſuch a ſet of devils as we daily ſee tranſgreſſing every regulation of order, and breaking through every method deviſed to eſtabliſh good fellowſhip among them? The conduct of the whites I ſhall not attempt to defend; but irregular, and, if you will, *indecent*, as it may be, ſurely, Madame, after abſtracting what is reprehenſible, enough remains to afford examples to the blacks to act very differently with reſpect to harmony among themſelves, and attention to their own welfare. What ſhall we ſay of a ſet of mortals who, in defiance of every inconvenience, and in ſpite of every puniſhment, will ſacrifice and utterly deſtroy their own health and future comforts, merely for the gratification of a temporary enjoyment? Or how can we expect an adherence to the regular ſyſtems of poliſhed ſociety from thoſe whoſe furious and unconquerable paſſions prompt them to deeds which, to every perſon unacquainted with facts, appear altogether impoſſible?

impoſſible? Will not a Negro ſlave, after performing the ſevere taſks of the day, travel ten, fifteen, nay, ſometimes twenty miles, to viſit a new miſtreſs; partake of a favourite feaſt; or meet the object of his hatred and revenge? Will he not, in contempt of every obſtacle, and in defiance of nature and neceſſity, continue to perſevere in theſe habits of exceſs? Will he not, inſtead of allotting ſome portion of time to ſleep or repoſe, remain the whole night devoted to intemperance and riot; and after travelling back his weary way, appear by day-break in the field to execute, with exhauſted ſpirits, and a worn-out frame, the ſucceeding labours of the day? As to the *women*, if poſſible, they are worſe. Examples of ſuch depravity, and incorrigible debauchery, can hardly be inſtanced in the hiſtory of nations; nor is it eaſier for a camel to paſs through the eye of a needle, than to make *one* Negro wench chaſte, or commonly decent, in her conduct. Can paſſions ſo inordinate, or diſpoſitions ſo prone to exceſs, originate in *ſlavery?* Is *op-*

preſſion the food of *licentiouſneſs?* Is hard labour and ſubjection the cantharides to ſtimulate paſſions ſo unuſual with man in ſimilar ſituations? Where ſhall we find in the annals of mankind inſtances of unbounded gratification predominant in bondage? Where look for the fever of ſenſual enjoyment raging amidſt exertions which exhauſt the body and depreſs the mind? The NEGRO, however, ſtands alone as a monument of our aſtoniſhment, and an object of our commiſeration; and repeated experience tells us, that if we mean to attend to *his* welfare and *our own ſafety*, we muſt be vigilant in watching his actions, and cautious in granting indulgences, which may ultimately lead to general ruin. This, in the eye of humanity, is painful; but you yourſelf have given us a melancholy proof of its *neceſſity.*"—"I have alſo given you proofs of contrary effects proceeding from a contrary ſyſtem" (ſaid Madame Bellanger, with ſome warmth).—"I muſt again repeat (ſaid Penguin), that this ſolitary inſtance, from the utter impracticability

impracticability of its being carried into general practice, is no proof at all."—"It proves, however (said Madame Bellanger), that the *Negro*, with certain attentions and proper example, is *capable of improvement*; and that, I think, completely overturns your hypothesis."—"In other words (said Penguin) it proves, that Negroes of a certain description, that is, all picked and chosen for the occasion, and placed in certain situations peculiarly favourable, *may*, in the course of fifteen years, be brought to a tolerable state of civilization. And even then, what is the *general* inference? If 30 Negroes of the best quality, and the most favourably situated, can, in the course of fifteen years (and, by your own account, with infinite labour), be reduced to order and good conduct, in what time will 300,000, of various vices, habits, and customs, be brought to the same condition?"

"YOUR arithmetical question (said Madame Bellanger, smiling) if not exactly in point,

an hour, decently attend divine ſervice.—Let your managers, overſeers, and different white perſons, on your properties, exchange a diſſoluteneſs of manners, for one more calculated to impreſs a ſenſe of delicacy and decorum on the minds of the ſlaves, and exhibit a picture more likely to fix an opinion of their ſuperior excellence.—Let every method be tried to reward conjugal and parental affection; and every expedient be adopted to check irregularity between the ſexes.—Laſtly, to meliorate a condition which, we muſt all admit, is too ſevere, and as one of the principal ſteps towards an increaſed population, let every indulgence be granted conſiſtent with ſafety, and every exemption introduced conſiſtent with ſubordination."—"And this, you think, *will do*" (ſaid Penguin, careleſsly).—"I think it will do a *great deal* at leaſt, Monſieur (ſaid Madame Bellanger), and that ſurely is not to be overlooked. To humanize the Negro mind, however little, or to effectuate any change in his condition, however ſmall, that may ultimately tend

tend to their additional happiness, and our future advantage, is unquestionably accomplishing a great end. If nothing more were done than an increased population, would not that alone be a wonderful benefit? While we yearly added multitudes of better subjects to our own possessions, would we not of course preclude the introduction of multitudes of the miserable annually among us; and, perhaps, at last be enabled to shut the door of mercy against a traffic, shocking to a humane, and repugnant to a dignified mind." Penguin shook his head. "Admitting, Monsieur, that this last hope is visionary, and that no such happy event ever can be brought about, is it not doing something, during the existence of evil, to lessen the calamity? Since the passions of the native African are so ungovernable, his manners so savage, and his dispositions so bad, is not every method to diminish the number of those plagues among us to be adopted; and is not every attempt to produce a more orderly and polished race in their stead to be applaud-

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ed?"—"But are you ſure (interrupted Penguin), that this new progeny will be ſuperior to the African? Is the *Creole*, at this moment, leſs vicious, or leſs prone to exceſs?—is he not equally treacherous, ſtubborn, iraſcible, cruel, and revengeful?—and is not his ſuperior experience productive of a ſuperior cunning and addreſs, which render his conduct leſs liable to detection, and conſequently much more to be dreaded?"—"You muſt, at leaſt, allow (ſaid Madame), that he is much better *prepared* for civilization than the other; and ſurely that is one material ſtep towards *general improvement*. I mean not to aſſert, that every thing is to be brought about at once, or that new plans are to be introduced precipitately. Great caution and great prudence, certainly, are neceſſary, and many years muſt elapſe before a *general* reformation can be expected."—"*Centuries*, I preſume you mean" (ſaid Penguin).—"Well! be it ſo (ſaid Madame Bellanger); better that centuries ſhould be employed in

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eſtabliſhing a gradual reform, than roll paſt in total vice, ignorance, and miſery."

THUS ended an argument, not badly ſupported on either ſide, by two perſons who, although very different in ſentiments and diſpoſitions, poſſeſſed each great experience, and no contemptible ſhare of abilities. It ended, however, like moſt other arguments; without carrying conviction home to either party. Penguin, unwilling to puſh matters farther, took Madame Bellanger by the hand, and ſaid, "Madame Bellanger, I believe you are as good a woman as ever lived; but, with all your virtues and *experience*, you are yet to learn a little more of the *Negro character*."—"*Et vous*, Monſieur (ſaid Madame Bellanger, tapping him on the ſhoulder), with all your ſuperior acuteneſs and penetration, would not be a bit the worſe for a little more —HUMANITY."

I HAD now been at *La Cache* near three weeks;

weeks; and, in conſequence of the ſalubrity and coolneſs of the mountain air, had effectually recovered my former health and vigour. At the earneſt entreaty, however, of Madame Bellanger, Penguin (who departed next morning) agreed to my remaining eight days longer. During this ſhort interval, I was engaged in an employment which yielded me peculiar delight, and for the firſt time in my life illuſtrated the ſweets annexed to literary compoſition during a pauſe in buſineſs, or a blank in mental amuſement. The hiſtory of Madame Bellanger's ſingular life could not fail to leave impreſſions on a young mind, alive to the emotions of pity, and ſuſceptible of tenderneſs and love. I had therefore, partly to amuſe, and partly to improve, myſelf in the French language, conceived an ardent deſire to commit Madame Bellanger's ſtory to writing as nearly in her own words as poſſible; and as the good woman took an intereſt in every thing I did, I made no ſecret of my labours, but ſubmitted them daily to her peruſal for her correction

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and amendment. I had nearly completed my narrative, when one evening Mrs Penguin, obſerving Madame Bellanger and her daughter engaged in ſome neceſſary domeſtic concerns, propoſed a walk till ſupper-time. As her huſband was expected the next day, our converſation naturally turned on our approaching departure from La CACHE, and the agreeable ſociety we were about to loſe for a conſiderable time; which as naturally produced a mutual penſiveneſs that neither of us could ſhake off. We had ſeated ourſelves for coolneſs on the bank of the ſtream at the bottom of our favourite plantain walk; and Mrs Penguin having enquired how far I had proceeded in my narrative, I pulled the manuſcript out of my pocket, and ſhewed her. "Read (ſaid ſhe) the part that relates the misfortune and death of the Count de V———. I was ſenſibly affected with Madame Bellanger's relation; I would fain ſee how you have deſcribed it." I willingly complied; and as I proceeded, the vanity of a young author was highly

gratified in perceiving Mrs Penguin's compaſſionate ſorrows pay ſo liberal a tribute to deſcriptive calamity. She had at the commencement, from an eagerneſs of attention, drawn cloſe to me; and, in the act of looking over what I had written, had naturally, and I am ſure inadvertently, reclined upon me, with her right hand reſting on my right ſhoulder. When I came to that part of the narrative where the expiring father takes leave of his wife and daughter, Mrs Penguin's hand dropped with a convulſive and ſudden motion to the ground. This change, which withdrew a partial ſupport to her former poſition, occaſioned her face to come cloſe to mine; and while her head reſted on my left ſhoulder, I had, from an apprehenſion of her falling, inſenſibly put my arm round her waiſt to ſupport her. How long we had remained thus, I know not; but a ruſtling noiſe behind us induced me to look around, when, to my no ſmall ſurpriſe and confuſion, I perceived Penguin and Mademoiſelle Antoinnette within a few yards of us.

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I HAD hardly got upon my legs, till Penguin, with grinding teeth, and the countenance of a fiend, approached his wife, and, with a "*D—n you, what are you doing here?*" gave her a violent kick in the belly, which nearly tumbled her over the bank. She had ſpirit enough to ſay, on her getting up, "You brute! are you not aſhamed to treat a woman in my ſituation in this manner?" The monſter was proceeding to a repetition of his barbarity, when, regardleſs of every thing but Mrs Penguin's preſervation, I ſuddenly ruſhed in between them, and rudely puſhed him aſide; and a blow which I received in the face tranſporting me beyond all conſideration, I returned the compliment with ſuch intereſt, that, after ſtaggering a few paces backwards, my gentleman tumbled headlong into the deepeſt part of the ſtream. During this ſcuffle, the repeated ſcreams of the two ladies had brought Garvie (who had accompanied Penguin to LA CACHE) time enough to ſee his emerſion from the pool, and prevent any farther *rencontre*

between us; for which I was not only prepared, but diſpoſed by every impulſe of rage, pity, and deteſtation. Penguin breathed nothing but revenge, and even talked of *chaſtiſement* the moment he found me alone: a threat which, in return, I treated with the moſt ſovereign contempt; adding, with imprudent and ungovernable heat, "That the threat of a coward, who could uſe a poor defenceleſs woman as he had done, could be productive of no other alarms, on my part, than the fear of a renewal of thoſe ſhameleſs acts of brutality to one who had already experienced ſo many, and borne ſuch marks of his contemptible jealouſy and revenge. This, I preſume, Sir, will be one of your *pinching* nights" (ſaid I). In theſe *manly* and *heroic* acts you are indeed uncommonly courageous." An expreſſive glance from poor Mrs Penguin, and a frown from Garvie, told me I had gone too far; and fearful leaſt paſſion might extort farther diſcoveries againſt the peace of one whom I wiſhed to protect from ſeverity, I ſuddenly retired; and ſtriking into

into a different path from that which led to the houſe, began to ruminate on the ſtrange events of the day, and the conſequences that were moſt likely to follow.

It was not long before Garvie joined me, and, in a few words, informed me, that every thing was in confuſion at Madame Bellanger's. "What you and Mrs Penguin have been about (ſaid Garvie), God of heaven knows; but Mademoiſelle Antoinnette, as well as Penguin, ſeem to entertain very unfavourable opinions of you both. Madame Bellanger (who is ſtill your friend, although ſhe ſays appearances are againſt you) has ſent me to adviſe your immediate departure from la Cache, as the moſt prudent ſtep you can take, till the preſent ſtorm blows over, and circumſtances are completely unravelled.—A horſe waits you; and as you will have little enough time to reach Port Louis to-night, I think you had better ſet off inſtantly. We ſhall meet to-morrow or Monday, when I hope to hear an explanation of this

this wonderful buſineſs." My proud heart was too full to enable me to reply to Garvie's addreſs. Conſcious of my own innocence, and hurt at what I conceived a diſmiſſion from Madame Bellanger's houſe, I ſullenly mounted my horſe, and rode off without uttering a ſyllable. As I aſcended the ſummit of the mountain that commanded the delightful ſcenery below, I ſtopped, and, taking a laſt view of the beauties of LA CACHE, proceeded, ſolitary and ſorrowfully, to the ſcorching heats of Port Louis.

THE END.

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